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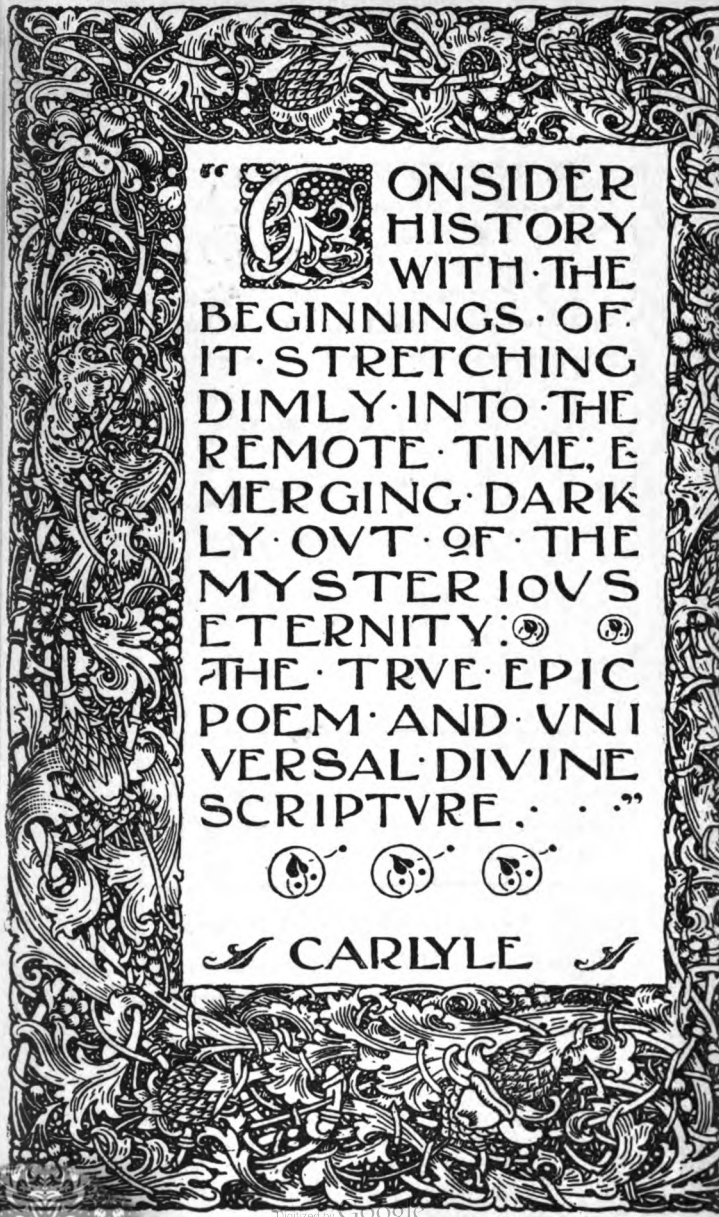
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MEMOIRS OF THE CRUSADES

BY

VILLEHARDOUIN

&

DE JOINVILLE

Translated by

Sir FRANK MARZIALS

LONDON: PUBLISHED
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> "Those holy fields
> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
> Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
> For our advantage, on the bitter cross." [1]

and both serve to illustrate the varied motives that went to the initiation and maintenance of that great movement.

VILLEHARDOUIN

VILLEHARDOUIN'S story opens with the closing years of the twelfth century. In those years, as he tells, Fulk of Neuilly, near Paris, a priest well known for his holiness and zeal, began to preach a new Crusade; and Fulk's words, so men thought, were confirmed by many signs and miracles; and even apart from such supernatural aid, it is not difficult, I think, to conjecture wherein lay the force of his appeal or to imagine its nature. But while he was descanting on the necessity for another attempt to recover the Holy Land, and setting forth the glories and spiritual advantages of the proposed adventure, did he ever dwell at all, one wonders, on the story of the Crusades that had already been undertaken? Did he unfold for his hearers that tragic and terrible scroll in the history of men—a scroll on which are recorded in strange, intermingled, fantastic characters, tales of saintly heroism, and fraud, and greed, and cruelty, and wrong—of sufferings at which one sickens, and foul deeds at which one sickens more, and acts of devotion and high courage that have found their place among the heirlooms and glories of mankind?

Did he tell them of the First Crusade—tell them how, a little more than a century before, the heart of Peter the Hermit had been moved to fiery indignation at the indignities offered to pilgrims at the sacred shrines, and he had made all Christendom resound to his angry eloquence; how at the Council of Clermont, in 1095, Pope Urban II. had re-echoed the hermit's cry; how the nations had responded to the call to arms in so holy a cause, the noble selling or mortgaging his land, the labourer abandoning his plough, the woman her hearth and distaff, the very children forsaking their play; how a great wave of humanity had thence been set rolling eastward—a wave of such mighty volume, and so impelled

[1] The first part of *King Henry IV.*, Act I. Sc. 1.

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by fierce enthusiasm, that, notwithstanding every hindrance, dissension within, utter disorganisation, misrule, famine, plague, slaughter, wholesale desertions, treachery on every side, wild fanatical hostility—notwithstanding all this, it had yet rolled right across Europe, rolled on across the deserts and defiles of Asia Minor, and swept the infidel from Jerusalem and the fastnesses of Judæa? Did Fulk of Neuilly, one wonders, tell his hearers the story of that First Crusade, which, for all its miseries and horrors, accomplished the mission on which it started, and placed its great and saintly leader, Godfrey of Bouillon on the throne of Jerusalem, and founded a Christian kingdom in the Holy Land? (1099). 1099

Did he tell them the story of the Second Crusade? That was the Crusade preached by one of very different mould from Peter the Hermit, by one who was in many ways the master-spirit of his time, St. Bernard. For to St. Bernard it seemed a scandal and intolerable that the Christian kingdom of Judæa, prayed for with so many prayers, purchased with so much blood, should be dissolved. He held it as not to be borne that the place where our Lord had been cradled in the manger, the fields where He had taught, the hill where He had died for men, the sepulchre in which He had lain, should fall once more into the unholy possession of the infidel. And yet, ere fifty years had passed since the taking of Jerusalem, this seemed an approaching consummation, so weakened was the new kingdom by internal dissension, so fiercely attacked from without. Already the Moslem were prevailing on every side. The important position of Edessa had fallen into their hands. So St. Bernard came to the rescue. By his paramount personal influence, he induced Lewis VII. of France, and Conrad of Germany to take the cross. Again there was a march across Europe; again treachery on the part of the Greek Emperor at Constantinople; again most terrible slaughter in Asia Minor; again unheard-of sufferings; again folly, ineptitude, treachery. But not again the old ultimate success. This time the great human wave, though it did indeed reach Jerusalem, yet reached it spent and broken. Edessa was not retaken. Damascus was besieged, only to show the utter want of unity among the Crusaders. Conrad returned to Germany. Lewis, a year later, returned to France (1149); and of the Second Crusade there remained small immediate trace, save, in France and Germany, de- 1148

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populated hamlets, and homes made desolate, and bones bleaching in the far Syrian deserts.

Could Fulk have turned, in the retrospect, with better heart to the Third Crusade?—Somewhat unquestionably. That Third Crusade is the one in which we Englishmen have most interest, for its central figure is our lion-hearted king, Richard. And it is, probably, the Crusade of which the main incidents are best known to the English reader, for they have been evoked from the past, and made, as it were, to re-enact themselves before us, by the magic of Sir Walter Scott. What boy has not read the *Talisman?* And so it will not be necessary for me to dwell at length on the history of that Crusade: the rivalries of Richard and Philip Augustus; the siege and surrender of Acre; the return of Philip Augustus to France; the bitter feud with the Duke of Austria; the superb daring and personal prowess of Richard; the abortive march on Jerusalem—which must have been retaken save for the insane rivalries in the Christian host; the interchange of courtesies with the chivalrous Saladin; the abandonment of the Crusade; the return of the English king westward, and his imprisonment in an Austrian dungeon (1192).

Not a story of success, most certainly. Richard left the Holy Land pretty well where he found it. His object in going thither had been the recovery of Jerusalem, which, in 1187, after being nearly ninety years in Christian hands, had fallen a prey to Saladin. And that object was as far as ever from attainment. But still there rested about the Third Crusade a glamour of courage and heroic deeds, so that when scarce nine years after its conclusion, Fulk went about preaching new efforts for the expulsion of the Saracens, he may possibly have sought to raise the courage of his warlike hearers by dwelling on the doughty deeds of Richard and his knights.

Otherwise, if he referred to the past at all—for the latest German expedition of 1196-1197 had just come to an inglorious close,—his message can scarcely have been one of confidence as he addressed the nobles and lesser men assembled at Ecri, towards the end of November 1199, to take part in the great tournament instituted by Thibaut III., Count of Champagne. No, the past was against them. It spoke little of success, and much of misery, disorganisation, disaster; while as to the future, if Fulk and his hearers had

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seen into *that*, one doubts if they could have been moved to much enthusiasm. Whatever admixture of worldly motives there may have been, the Fourth Crusade was vehemently advocated by Pope Innocent III., proclaimed by Fulk, joined by multitudes of devout pilgrims, for the express purpose of recapturing Jerusalem, and driving the heathen out of Palestine. But it never reached Palestine at all. It did far less than nothing towards the recovery of the Holy City. It delivered its blow with immense force and shattering effect upon a Christian, not a Moslem, state. It contributed not a little, in ultimate result, to break down Europe's barrier against the Turk. Thus, from the Crusading point of view, it was a gigantic failure; and, as such, denounced again and yet again by the great Pope who had done so much to give it life.

How did this come about? What were the real influences that led the Fourth Crusade to change its objective from Jerusalem to Constantinople? The question has been many times debated. It is, as one may almost say, one of the stock questions of history; and I can scarcely altogether give it the go-by here—as I should like to do—because in that question is involved the more personal question of Villehardouin's own good faith as a historian. If there were wire-pullers at work, almost from the beginning, who laboured to deflect the movement to their own ends; if the Venetians throughout played a double game,[1] and betrayed the Christian cause to the Saracens, then it is necessary, before we accept him altogether as a witness of truth, to inquire why he makes no mention of the Marquis of Montferrat's intrigues, or the Republic's duplicity. Did he write in ignorance? or did he, while possessing full knowledge, banish ugly facts from his narrative, and deliberately constitute himself, as has been said, the "official apologist" of the Crusade?

For, as he tells the story, all is simplicity itself. There is scarcely anything to explain. The Crusade has a purely religious origin: "Many took the cross because the indulgences were so great." Villehardouin himself, and his five brother delegates from the great lords assembled in parliament at Compiègne, go to Venice, and engage a fleet to take

[1] "The unchristian cupidity of the banausically-minded Republic of St. Mark," is the quaint description given by Pope Innocent's latest biographer. *Innocent the Great*, by C. H. C. Pirie-Gordon, 1907.

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the host of the pilgrims "oversea"—an ambiguous term which meant Syria for the uninitiated, but "Babylon" or Cairo for the Venetian Council—("because it was in Babylon, rather than in any other land, that the Turks could best be destroyed." Then comes the death of Count Thibaut of Champagne, who would have been the natural leader of the Crusade, and the selection, in his stead, of the Marquis of Montferrat, "a right worthy man, and one of the most highly esteemed that were then alive." Afterwards the pilgrims begin to assemble in Venice; but owing to numerous defections, their number is so reduced that the stipulated passage money is not forthcoming, and the Venetians naturally refuse to move. The blame, up to this point, lies entirely with the pilgrims who had failed to keep their tryst. Meanwhile, what is to be done? Some, who in their heart of hearts wish not well to the cause, would break up the host and return to their own land. Others, who are better affected, would proceed at all hazards. Then the Doge proposes a compromise. If, says he, addressing his own people, we insist upon our pound of flesh, we can, no doubt, claim to keep the moneys already received, as some consideration for our great outlay; but, so doing, we shall be greatly blamed throughout Christendom. Let us rather agree to forego the unpaid balance and carry out our agreement, provided the pilgrims, on their part, will help us to recapture Zara, on the Adriatic, of which we have been wrongfully dispossessed by the King of Hungary. To this the Venetians consent, and likewise the Crusaders, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the evil-disposed party aforesaid. So the blind old Doge assumes the cross, with great solemnity, in the Church of St. Mark, and many Venetians assume it too, and all is got ready for departure.

Then, and not till then, do we get any hint of an attack on the Greek empire. "Now listen," says Villehardouin, "to one of the greatest marvels and greatest adventures that ever you heard tell of," and he proceeds to narrate how the young Greek prince Alexius, having escaped from the hands of that wicked usurper, his uncle, and being at Verona on the way to the court of his brother-in-law, "Philip of Germany," makes overtures to the Crusaders, and how the latter are not unprepared to help him to recover his father's throne, provided he in turn will help them to re-conquer Jerusalem.

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Whereupon envoys are sent to accompany the youth into Germany, for further negotiation with Philip, and the host, Crusaders and Venetians together, set sail for their attack on Christian Zara.

And here for the first time Villehardouin makes mention of the religious objection to the course that the Crusade is taking. The inhabitants of Zara are prepared to capitulate, but are dissuaded by the party which, according to Villehardouin, were anxious to break up the host, and while the matter is under discussion, the abbot of Vaux, of the order of the Cistercians, rises in his place and says, "Lords, on behalf of the Apostle of Rome, I forbid you to attack this city, for it is a Christian city, and you are pilgrims." Nevertheless the Doge insists that the Crusaders shall fulfil their contract, and Zara is besieged and taken.

While the host is waiting, after the capture, they are joined by the envoys from Philip, and from Philip's brother-in-law, Alexius, the son of the deposed Emperor of Constantinople. These envoys bring definite and very advantageous proposals. The Crusaders are to dispossess the treacherous and wicked emperor, also called Alexius, and reinstate the deposed Isaac; and in return for this great service, Alexius the younger promises, "in the very first place," that the Greek empire shall be brought back into obedience to Rome, and then—seeing that the pilgrims are poor—that they shall receive 200,000 marks of silver, and provisions for small and great, and further that substantial help shall be afforded towards the conquest of the "land of Babylon," oversea.

The hook was well baited. The reunion of Christendom, gold and stores in plenty, active co-operation from the near vantage ground of Constantinople in the dispossession of the infidel, a splendid adventure to be achieved—no wonder the Crusaders were tempted. Villehardouin himself never falters in his expressed conviction that the course proposed was the right course, that he and his companions did well in following, at this juncture, the fortunes of the younger Alexius. Nevertheless it is clear, even from his narrative, that a great, almost overwhelming, party in the host were unconvinced and bitterly opposed to the deflection of the Crusade. Hotly was the question debated. The laymen were divided. The clergy, even of the same religious order,

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were at bitter strife. When it came to the ratification of the convention with Alexius, only twelve French lords could be induced to swear. Thereafter came defection on defection—the deserters, as Villehardouin is always careful to note, not without a certain complacency, coming mainly to evil ends. "Now be it known to you, lords," says he, "that if God had not loved that host, it could never have kept together, seeing how many there were who wished evil to it." Even the Pope's forgiveness for the attack on Zara, and his exhortation to the pilgrims to remain united, did not avail to prevent further disintegration.

Nevertheless the host ultimately reaches Constantinople, routs the Greeks, who have no stomach for the fight, sends the usurping Emperor Alexius flying, reinstates the blinded Isaac, and seats the younger Alexius, by the side of Isaac, on the imperial throne. But naturally the position of Isaac and Alexius is precarious, and when the latter asks the Crusaders to delay their departure, the adverse party tries once more to obtain an immediate descent on Syria or Egypt. They are overborne. Soon, however, it becomes clear that Isaac and Alexius either cannot, or will not, fulful their promises. As a matter of fact Alexius has placed himself and his father in an impossible position, of which death, in cruel forms, is to be the outcome, and they become, in turn, the objects of attack, and their empire a field of plunder. Henceforward the die is cast. The Crusade ceases to be a Crusade, and becomes as purely an expedition of conquest as William's descent on England. Whatever may be their occasional qualms, Franks and Venetians have enough to do in the Greek Empire, without giving very much thought to Judæa.

But to all this there is another side. Thus, if we are to believe the chronicle [1] compiled in 1393, by order of Heredia, Grand Master of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, Villehardouin first proposed the Crusade to his lord, the Count of Champagne, not on any specially religious grounds, but because, after the peace between the kings of France and Eng-

[1] *Libro de los Fechos et Conquistas del Principado de la Morea*, translated from Spanish into French by Alfred Morel-Fatio, and published at Geneva in 1885 for the *Société de l'Orient Latin*. See p. 1. I am bound, however, to say that this chronicle, which assigns to Villehardouin a very important part in the organisation of the Crusade, was compiled long after date, and seems clearly apocryphal in many of its details.

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land, there were a great many idle men-at-arms about, whom it would be desirable to employ. So also Ernoul, a contemporary, after telling how the barons of France, who had sided with Richard against Philip Augustus, cast off their armour at the tournament at Ecri, and ran to take the cross, adds: "There are certain persons who say that they thus took the cross for fear of the King of France, and so that he might not punish them because they had sided against him."[1]

This, however, is relatively unimportant. Mixed motives may at once be conceded as probable and natural. What is of greater significance is the attitude of the Venetians and the question of their good faith. Villehardouin here hints no doubt. According to him, the Republic made a bargain to provide freight and food for an expedition to the Holy Land or to "Babylon," and provided both amply, and it was only on the failure of the pilgrims to carry out their side of the bargain that the Venetians fell back on Zara. *They* were prepared to take the Crusade to its original destination. But the same Ernoul, from whom I have just quoted, tells another story. He relates how Saphardin, the brother of the deceased Saladin, hearing that the Crusaders had hired a fleet in Venice, sends envoys to the Venetians, with great gifts and promises of commercial advantage, and entreats them to "turn away the Christians," and how the Venetians accept the bribe, and use their influence accordingly;[2] while certain modern historians discover, or think they have discovered, that it was the Venetians who took the initiative in this act of treachery, and that after making the treaty with Villehardouin and his fellow delegates in 1201, they sent envoys to Saphardin and virtually gave the Crusaders away by a specific treaty—of which, however, the date, and with it the relevancy, has been contested.

So again, with regard to the evil influences at work within the host itself, certain historians have endeavoured to show that the misdirection of the Crusade was but an episode in the long struggle between Guelf and Ghibelline. For the Crusade was the pet child of Innocent III. It was the dearest object of his heart. It was to crown his pontificate. What more natural than that the Ghibelline, Philip of

[1] *Chronique d'Ernoul et de Bernard le Trésorier*, published by M. L. de Mas Latrie for the *Société de l'histoire de France*. Paris, 1871. See p. 337.

[2] See *ibid.* pp. 345, 346, and 361, 362.

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Swabia, the son of Barbarossa, himself just then lying under a solemn excommunication, should endeavour, by all the means in his power, to thwart the expedition, to turn it to his own ends—one of which was the conquest of Constantinople—for on Constantinople he had pretensions. Thus, according to this view, when Villehardouin suggested the Marquis of Montferrat for the leadership, he was, indirectly indeed, acting as the mouthpiece of Philip. And the Marquis, from the date of his election, did but become Philip's agent, and had in view only one object—an attack on the Greek emperor.[1] All his actions and movements are to be

[1] See M. Riant's articles quoted below. The curious reader who would follow this controversy is referred to the following works among many others, French and German. I place them, as will be seen, in the chronological order of publication:—

Histoire de l'Isle de Chypre sous le Règne des Princes de la Maison de Lusignan, par M. L. de Mas Latrie, etc. Paris, 1861, Vol. I. pp. 161-165.—*Geoffroy de Villehardouin, Conquête de Constantinople*, etc., par M. Natalis de Wailly, etc. Second edition, Paris, 1874, pp. 429-439.

Up to this point only the conduct of Venice is in question. With the following enters as protagonist Philip of Swabia, and we are asked to consider the part which he took in deflecting the Crusade from Egypt or the Holy Land to Constantinople, and the action taken, under his influence, by the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat.

Innocent III., Philippe de Swabe et Boniface de Montferrat. Examen des Causes qui modifièrent au détriment de l'Empire Grec, le plan primitif de la 4e Croisade, published in *Revue des Questions Historiques*, Vol. XVII., April 1875, pp. 321-374, and Vol. XVIII., July 1875, pp. 5-75. Signed, Comte Riant.

These two articles contain an elaborate and most learned indictment against Philip of Swabia and the Marquis of Montferrat, and, in a minor degree, against Villehardouin, as their accomplice and apologist. Comte Riant is most careful in giving reference to chapter and verse to support his conclusions, and so enable the student to verify and control, and—on occasion—to dissent.

A short note, signed M. de Wailly, on the above articles of Comte Riant, expressing dissent. *Revue des Questions Historiques*, Vol. XVIII., October 1875, pp. 578 and 579 (not p. 576 as stated in index).

Quatrième Croisade. La diversion sur Zara et Constantinople, par Jules Tessier, professeur à la faculté des lettres de Caen. Paris, 1884.

In this volume, with an equal learning, M. Tessier contests the position taken up by M. Riant, and defends Philip of Swabia and Venice.

The Fall of Constantinople, by Edwin Pears. London, 1885.

The *Notice*, extending to 309 pages in Vol. II. of M. Emile Bouchet's *Geoffroi de Villehardouin. La Conquête de Constantinople, texte et traduction nouvelle, avec notice, notes, et glossaire*, par Emile Bouchet. Paris, 1891.

M. Bouchet mainly accepts Comte Riant's facts and conclusions with regard to Philip and Venice, but exonerates Villehardouin, and defends him from the charge of having constituted himself the official apologist of the Crusade—pp. 289-297 and pp. 308, 309. M. Bouchet's manner is rather that of the historical narrator than of the erudite dissertator, and his notes are few. In this he differs from M. Riant and M. Tessier.

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explained on the grounds that he cared nothing about Jerusalem, and very much about Constantinople.

To go at length into all the pros and cons of this controversy, would take, not the comparatively short space allotted to an introduction, but a very considerable volume. And, indeed, the latest historian who has dealt with the subject, the very learned M. Luchaire, of the French Institute,[1] declares that, on the available data, the questions involved are insoluble. Having placed the two views before the reader, I shall not therefore go into the matter further here, beyond saying that after a great deal of reading, and research, I have come to the conclusion, Firstly, that the Venetians were not as bad as they have been painted. They were a commercial people, and they had made a bargain, and they kept to it. The Crusaders did not. To expect the Venetians, for the good of the cause, to forego repayment for the large sums expended on a superb fleet and what must have been, temporarily at least, a great disturbance of their commerce, is absurd. Why should the main expense of the expedition fall on them? As to the treacherous arrangements with the Saracens, they seem to me not proven. Therefore I hold myself justified in asking the reader to look, without a smile of sarcasm and incredulity, at the great scene in which Dandolo, the grand old Doge, blind and bearing gallantly his ninety years, goes up into the reading-desk of St. Mark, and there, before all the people—who wept seeing him—places the sign of the cross in his bonnet. Surely his bearing in council, and afterwards in battle, was not that of a vulpine old impostor.

Secondly, I own to very great doubts as to the elaborate Machiavellian schemes of Philip of Swabia, and the Marquis of Montferrat, and the after-participation therein, to a greater or less degree, of the leaders of the Crusade. Web-spinning so successful would imply gifts of foresight verging on prophesy. Let us "look at things more simply," as M. Luchaire says. And disbelieving, to a very great extent, in

M. Luchaire, as I have noted in the text (1907) declares the questions raised to be insoluble on the available data.

The matter is referred to, but with no additional evidence or further discussion, in Sir Rennell Rodd's *The Principalities of Achaia and the Chronicles of Morea*, 1907, Chap. I, and Mr. Pirie-Gordon's *Innocent the Great, an Essay on his Life and Times*, 1907, Chap. IV.

[1] *Innocent III.: La Question d'Orient.* 1907. See pp. 85, 86, 91, and 97

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the plot, I am bound to exonerate Villehardouin from the charge of endeavouring to disguise its existence. Nay, I go further. What we see as the past was to Villehardouin the present and the future. We know that the Crusade came to nothing, ultimately "fizzled out," as one may say. But Villehardouin, looking forward from day to day, may quite honestly have believed that the course he consistently advocated was the course best calculated, all the circumstances being given, to ensure success. Shut up in the island of St. Nicholas, near Venice, without the necessary means for advance or retreat, or even for the provision of daily subsistence, the Crusading host was in helpless case. The advance on Zara had no alternative. Afterwards, leaders and men were without the sinews of war. When Alexius came with his definite proposals, one cannot wonder that men of strong political instinct, like our hero, should have thought that the best coign of vantage for an attack on Jerusalem, was Constantinople. The ignorant commonalty were for a direct descent on the Holy Land. The wiser chiefs would have preferred to first break the power of the Saracens in Egypt. The politicians of still larger outlook might naturally hold that with the Greek empire at their back, and with coffers full of Greek gold, they had the best chance of re-establishing the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem.

Nay, shall I go further still? The Franks defeated the Greeks with ease, defeated them as Pizarro and Cortes defeated the Peruvians and Mexicans, as Clive defeated the armies of India. What if they had not only conquered Roumania, but had also revivified the Greek empire; if, instead of giving themselves to the greed, and rapine, and unstatesmanlike oppression, which Villehardouin deplored, and so losing within sixty years (1261) what they had held unworthily—what if, instead of this, they had administered wisely and well, had mingled in blood and interest with the conquered, had breathed with the breath of a new life over the dry bones of that dead race and nationality, had created a virile state at this specially important point of the world's surface, and so barred the way against the entrance of the Turk into Europe? When the Frank fleet set sail from Venice, these things were on the knees of the gods. Should we have been misdoubting Villehardouin if they had come to pass?

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And having said so much for Villehardouin's good faith and essential political honesty, one is the more free to admire the force and effectiveness of the man. What was his exact age at the date of the tournament at Ecri (November 1199), is not known. Probably he was then about forty, and in the fulness of his strength, and, as one may fairly conjecture, well-knit, and possessing a frame fitted to endure hardship and fatigue. Even if we regard as doubtful the statement of Heredia's chronicler, that it was he who first proposed the Crusade to Count Thibaut,[1] yet it is clear that, from the very beginning, he took a leading part in the enterprise, and *that*, as one may conclude, on purely personal grounds, for the Villehardouins were of no imposing *noblesse*. Thus he is chosen by the assembled chiefs as one of the six envoys sent to Venice to negotiate for the transport of the host; and it is he who stands forth as spokesman for the Crusaders in the first memorable assembly at St. Mark's. When Count Thibaut dies, he seems to take the most active part in the choice of a successor, and proposes the leader ultimately nominated. When, afterwards, the pilgrims begin to avoid Venice, and travel eastwards by other routes, he is one of the two delegates despatched to bring them to a better mind, succeeding, to some extent, by "comfort and prayers." To him is entrusted the task of explaining to the restored Emperor Isaac what are the conditions on which the Crusaders have consented to come to his help at Constantinople. Again he is selected for the perilous office of bearing to the Emperors Isaac and Alexius, in full court, the haughty defiance of the host. He is selected once more for the particularly delicate mission of reconciling the Marquis of Montferrat with the Emperor Baldwin, and he is afterwards deputed to bring the Marquis to Constantinople. Thus we see him taking a prominent part wherever there is a task of difficulty or danger to be undertaken; and finally, in one of the darkest, direst hours of the expedition, he stands forth heroically, and masters circumstance. The Crusaders, contrary to all preconcerted plans, have left their ranks and followed the lightly-armed Comans into the field, whereupon the Comans attack in turn, and cut the Crusaders to pieces, killing Count Lewis of Blois, and taking the Emperor Baldwin prisoner. A broken remnant of the host comes flying

[1] See ante, p. xvi.

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into the camp. "When he sees this, Geoffry, the Marshal of Champagne, who is keeping guard before one of the gates of the city, issues forth from the camp as quickly as he can, and with all his men, and sends word to Manasses of the Isle, who is keeping another gate, to follow." One can almost see it all, as he tells the story: the advance in serried ranks, rapid but in strict order, and with all the pomp of war—*à grand allure*,—and the long line of mailed riders forming across the plain; the fugitives in full flight, for the most part too panic-stricken to stop short of the camp itself, but those of better heart staying to strengthen the immovable breakwater of men. Towards that breakwater, but still keeping a respectful distance, surges the scattered host of Comans, Wallachians, Greeks, who do such mischief as they can with bows and arrows. It was between nones and vespers, as Villehardouin tells us, that the rout was stayed. It is not till nightfall that the enemy retire. Then, under cover of night, and in council with the Doge, he leads off the beaten remnant of the host, leaving, as he records with just pride, not one wounded man behind—and effects a masterly retreat to the sea and safety.

A man, evidently like Scott's William of Deloraine, "good at need"—a man trusted of all and trustworthy—honoured by the Doge, honoured by the Emperor Baldwin, honoured and beloved by the Marquis of Montferrat. Nor should it be imagined, because this is the impression left by a study of the chronicle, that Villehardouin's method of telling the story of the Crusade has in it anything of personal boastfulness or vainglory. When he speaks of himself, in the course of his narrative, he does so quite simply, and just as he speaks of others. There is no attempt to magnify his own deeds or influence. If he has taken part in any adventure or deliberation, he mentions the fact without false modesty, but does not dwell upon it unduly. And, indeed, as I read the man's character, a certain honourable straightforwardness seems to me one of its most important traits. He is a religious man, no doubt. The purely religious side of the Crusade has its influence upon him. He is not unaffected by the greatness of the pardon offered by the Pope. He believes that the expedition is righteous, and that God approves of it. He holds that God looks with a favouring eye upon all who are doing their best for its furtherance. "Listen," he cries after

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some great deliverance, "how great are the miracles of our Lord whenever it is his pleasure to perform them. . . . Well may we say that no man can harm those whom God favours." And he stands in no manner of doubt that the Divine justice will deal in a very exemplary manner with those who separate themselves from the host, and pursue their own paths to Palestine. But if he is a religious man, he is in no sense an enthusiast. He stands in marked contrast to such Crusaders as Godfrey of Bouillon and St. Lewis. The worldly side of the whole thing—its policy and business, and fighting and conquests—these are very habitually present to his thoughts. And withal, as I have said—and notwithstanding the doubts referred to in the earlier pages of this introduction—there is a ring about him of honesty and sincerity. His utterances are such as may be counted honourable to all time. He never forbears to inveigh against dishonesty, double-dealing, covetousness. It is not only as a politician, but as an upright man that he denounces the rapacious mishandling to which the Greeks are subjected.

Of such a man, as I repeat, one hesitates to believe that he lent himself to a long course of intrigue, and afterwards constituted himself the "official apologist" of what he knew to be indefensible.

And as the man is, so is his book. When judging that book, it has to be borne in mind that it is the first work of importance and sustained dignity written in the French tongue. At the time that he dictated it, therefore, Villehardouin had no precedents to go by, no models to imitate. He was in all respects—language, narrator's art, style—a pioneer. And this being so, it marks him as a born writer, and a writer of a very high order, that his narration should be so lucid and distinct. He marshals his facts well, proceeds from point to point with order and method, brings important matters into due prominence, keeps accessories properly in the background. Nor, notwithstanding the usual sobriety of his method, is he incapable, on due occasion, of rendering the moral aspect of a scene, or even the physical aspect of what has passed before his eyes. In proof of this I may refer to the two great scenes in St. Mark's,[1] to the account of the attack on Constantinople,[1] to the story of the battle in which Baldwin was taken prisoner.[1]

[1] See pp. 7-8, 16-17, 37-44, and 94-96.

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Still I admit that as a word-painter his powers are embryonic rather than fully developed—a fact which Sainte Beuve, the great critic, accounts for by saying that "the descriptive style had not yet been invented." But here, I venture to think, Sainte-Beuve was nodding. For if Villehardouin himself depicts soberly, yet he had a contemporary and fellow-Crusader, Robert of Clari by name, who also wrote a chronicle, and Robert of Clari has left a description of the scene when the Crusading fleet set sail from Venice on the feast of St. Remigius, 1202, which is not wanting in picturesqueness and colour: "The Doge," he says, "had with him fifty galleys, all at his own charges. The galley in which he himself sailed was all vermilion, and there was a pavilion of red satin stretched above his head. And there were before him four trumpets of silver that trumpeted, and cymbals that made joy and merriment. And all the men of note, as well clerks as lay, and whether of small condition or great, made such joy at our departure, that never before had such joy been made, or so fine a fleet been seen. And then the pilgrims caused all the priests and clerks there present to get up into the castles of the ships, and sing the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, and all, both the great and the small folk, wept for great joy and happiness. . . . It seemed as if the whole sea swarmed with ants, and the ships burned on the water, and the water itself were aflame with the great joy that they had." [1]

It was in colours like these that Turner saw Venice suffused when he painted such pictures as the Sun of Venice going out to sea. It was in terms almost identical that Shakespeare described Cleopatra's barge "burning" upon the Nile. Surely when Robert of Clari, a writer not otherwise comparable with Villehardouin, mixed such hues upon his palette, it cannot be said that the descriptive style was unborn. And if Villehardouin makes use of it but soberly, the reason is rather, I conceive, to be found in this, that his interest was but little concerned with the outward shows of things. He was a politician and soldier who had played an important part in the drama of history. What he cared to remember, in after days, was the deeds of the men who had played their parts with him, their passions and objects. Their dress, the

[1] The reader may compare this passage with Villehardouin's description of the same event, p. 19, or of the departure from Corfu, p. 29.

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pomp and circumstance by which they were surrounded, the look of the stage, and appearance of the side-scenes, all this had, comparatively, faded from his memory. His chronicle is that of a statesman, like the chronicle in which, some two centuries and a half later, Philippe de Commines enthroned, or gibbeted, the craft of his master Lewis XI.

As to his style, why style is the man's own self, according to Buffon's oft-quoted saying, and Villehardouin's style is simple, strong, and direct—like himself, and like his narration. Now and again, but very seldom, it bears a blossom, "puts forth a flower," as the French say when some bright image, some smiling fancy, breaks like a crocus or snowdrop through the cold aridity of prose. Thus, when the fleet is leaving Abydos—these vessels in full sail seem wonderfully to have stirred the hearts of the pilgrim host—he says that the Straits of St. George were "in flower" with ships. But expressions like this, which suffuse with imagination the plain statement of a fact, are rare with him. Usually he is sober in his use of image, as in his descriptions. He says what he has to say, and no more; and he says it in a short, plainly-constructed sentence which can be "construed," as a schoolboy would say, without difficulty. Compared with the sentence of most English and French writers of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, or even of most German writers of to-day, his sentence is simplicity itself.

"The modern literature of the West they might justly despise," says Gibbon, speaking of the Greeks of Villehardouin's time. Is that quite true? In Villehardouin we have a literature of the quite early spring—vigorous, full of sap, unforced, spontaneous, unsophisticated. Take, by way of contrast, and as illustrating the literature of autumn and decay, such a passage as the following from his contemporary, the Greek historian Nicetas: "What shall I say of the statue of Helen, of the perfection of her form, the alabaster of her arms and of her breast, of her perfect limbs?—of that Helen who brought all Greece beneath the walls of Troy? Had she not softened the savage inhabitants of Laconia? All seemed possible to her whose looks enchained every heart. Her vesture was without artifice, but so ingeniously disposed that the greedy eye could see all the freshness of her charms scarce hidden by her light tunic, her veil, her crown, and the tresses of her hair. Her hair, bound only to her neck, floated

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according to the fancy of the winds, and fell to her feet in waving tresses; her mouth, half-opened like the calix of a young flower, seemed to offer a passage to the tender accent of her voice, and the sweet smile of her lips filled the soul of the spectator with delicious feeling. Never will it be possible to express, and posterity will seek vainly to feel or depict, the grace overspreading this divine statue. But, O daughter of Tyndareus, O masterpiece of love, O rival of Venus where is the omnipotence of thy charms? Why didst thou not exercise them to subdue those barbarians as thou didst exercise them amiably of yore? Has Fate condemned thee to burn in the same fire with which thou wert wont to consume all hearts? Did the descendants of Æneas wish to condemn thee to the same flames that thou didst light erewhile in Ilion?"[1] Was Nicetas, the author of this artificial rhetoric, really in a position to "despise" Villehardouin? In this matter, and with all due respect for Gibbon, one may say that the Frank represents the twilight of dawn, and the Greek the twilight of night.

And what became of Villehardouin at last? How and when did he die? All here is obscurity. We know, as I have said, next to nothing about his birth and earlier years. We know next to nothing about his later life and end. He emerges into the half-light of history with the beginning of his chronicle. He passes back into the darkness of the years with its close. Of what happened to him after the date in 1207, when, as he tells us—it is his latest record, as if his pen had faltered at that point—how the Marquis of Montferrat had been miserably slain—of what, I say, happened to him after that year we are almost ignorant. He had left his wife, his daughters, his two sons, to follow the cross. There is no evidence to suggest that he ever rejoined them in his native Champagne. M. Bouchet conjectures[2] that, replete with honour and rewards, weary of life's battle, saddened by the loss of so many of his old companions in arms, he retired to end his days in his castle of Messinopolis on the enemy's marches, and there composed his history; but much of this can be no more than conjecture. That the man lived to any

[1] I am translating from a French version which I happen to have before me—*Bibliothèque des Croisades*, by M. Michaud, third part 1829, p. 428.

[2] *La Conquête de Constantinople, texte et traduction nouvelle*, 1891, Vol. II., pp. 286 and following.

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great age is improbable, and indeed the year 1213 has usually been assigned as the year of his death. That he wrote, or rather dictated, his Chronicles when the hand of time lay heavy upon him seems to me, from the internal evidence of style and spirit, to be quite unlikely. Rather do I fancy that he composed them, in the halls of Messinopolis indeed, but with spirit unsubdued, and during some brief lull in the great strife between the Greeks and their Frank conquerors.

Joinville

With Joinville we pass into a different atmosphere. Joinville was born, it is believed, in 1224. He embarked with St. Lewis for the Crusade on the 28th August 1248; he returned to France in the July of 1254. His Memoirs, as he himself tells us, were written, *i.e.* concluded, in the month of October, 1309, that is to say, when he was eighty-five years of age, and more than half a century after the events he had set himself to narrate. Thus while Villehardouin writes as a middle-aged soldier, succinctly, soberly, with eye intent on important events, and only casually alive to the passing show of things, Joinville writes as an old man looking lovingly, lingeringly, at the past—garrulous, discursive, glad of a listener. Nothing is beneath his attention. He lingers here, lingers there, picks up an anecdote as he goes along, tells how people looked, and what they wore, describes the manners and customs of the outlandish folk with whom he is brought into contact; has his innocent superstitions, his suspicions of spiritualistic influence, stops to tell you about a tumbler's tricks, about a strange fossil that has struck his fancy; illustrates, discusses, moralises; reports at length his conversations, especially with the king; and would have a tendency to repeat himself in any case, even if he had not adopted, to begin with, a defective plan of narration, that involved much repetition. And with such a charm in it all! The man is so simple, so honest, so lovable. Fine fellow as he undoubtedly is, he makes claim to no heroic sentiments—tells you how he was afraid to turn his eyes towards his castle as he went away, leaving wife and children behind him—how he trembled, partly with fear, when he fell into the hands of the enemy. And his judgments upon his fellows are so essentially the

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judgments of a gentleman. Then he has the graphic gift: we see what he sees, and we know the people that he brings before us. All that world of the Crusade lives in his pages. Not even in Chaucer's immortal "Prologue" do we get so near to the life of the Middle Ages.

Yes, as one reads the chronicle, it is impossible not to love the chronicler. If a snob be, according to Thackeray's definition, one who meanly admires mean things, then surely one who grandly admires heroic things may be pronounced a hero. And Joinville had before him in St. Lewis a high ideal of Christian manhood, and all his heart went out in love and veneration for the friend, long dead when he wrote, who had been to him king and saint. He looks back with pride at that great figure which had loomed so large in his earlier manhood. He sees him once more as he rode in the field among his knights, flashing in arms, overtopping them all, the goodliest presence there.[1] He dwells upon his old chief's fearlessness, his courage before the enemy, his undaunted fortitude under the combined assault of disaster, defeat, and sickness unto death. He marks his refusal to selfishly abandon the people God had committed to his charge and secure his own safety. He notes that neither the prospect of death, nor torture, has power to move him one hair's-breadth from what he holds to be right, and notes also how, in his unswerving rectitude, he will keep to his word, even though that word has been given to the infidel, and though the infidel are far from keeping a reciprocal faith. Then, in more peaceful times, in the ordinary course of justice, he shows the king's determination that right shall be done, with no respect of persons, between man and man, and as between monarch and subject, and his passionate desire for a pure administration. And when, finally, St. Lewis is canonised—when Rome sets its seal and mark upon him for all time—then the loyal, loving servant seems to utter a kind of *Nunc dimittis*. Joinville feels that he himself may now depart in peace.

Not that there is any Boswellism about him. All that St.

[1] Joinville is here quite lyrical. He brings to mind Sir Richard Vernon's speech on the royal army, in the first part of *King Henry IV.*:—

> "I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
> His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
> Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury," etc.

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Lewis does is not of necessity good in Joinville's eyes. The servant keeps his own judgment quite clear even when judging of his master's acts, and is unduly swayed neither by love nor reverence. Thus, when the Abbot of Cluny gives the king two costly palfreys as a preliminary to a discussion on certain business matters pending between them, Joinville does not hesitate to ask the king whether the gift had inclined him to listen with greater favour to what the abbot had to say, and to push home the obvious moral—a moral, be it said, in view of certain municipal facts, which the twentieth century might lay to heart with the same advantages as the contemporaries of St. Lewis.

Again, when some fifteen years after the return from Palestine, St. Lewis, prematurely old and broken in health, determines to turn Crusader once again (1270), Joinville not only refuses to accompany him, but evidently does all he can to dissuade his master from a policy so disastrous. "I thought that those committed a mortal sin who advised him to undertake that journey," says the upright counsellor, who was no parasite; and he thanks God he had no part or lot in that expedition.

And so too Joinville is not satisfied of the king's "good manners" in his relations with the queen. The queen, after being brought to bed of my lady Blanche, journeys by sea from Jaffa to rejoin the king at Sayette. Joinville goes to the shore to meet her—there is nothing to show why the king did not lovingly perform this office himself—and brings her up to the castle, reporting her arrival to the king, who is in his chapel. The king knew where Joinville was going, and has delayed the sermon till his return, and asks whether his wife and children are in good health. "And I bring these things to your notice," says Joinville, "because I had been in his company five years, and never yet had he spoken a word to me about the queen, or about his children—nor to any one else, so far as I ever heard. And, so it seems to me," adds the good chronicler, "there was some want of good manners" (*mores* in the Latin sense, I take it), "in being thus a stranger to one's wife and children."

To this the reader will, no doubt, be inclined to subscribe. Indeed, the want of more obviously cordial relations between the king and queen which may almost be inferred from Joinville's book, affords matter for surprise, seeing who and what

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that king and queen both were. For if Lewis was a hero and a saint, Margaret of Provence, the "falcon-hearted dove" of Mrs. Hemans' poem, was a heroine, and not all unfit, as men and women go, for canonisation. When she figures in Joinville's narrative it is as a woman altogether brave and lovable, and possessing a sense of humour withal. There are few more striking scenes in history than those in which she appears as a queen, about to become a mother, her husband and his host prisoners, the city in which she is, beleaguered and likely to fall—and kneels before the good old knight, and asks him to strike off her head or ever she falls into the enemy's hands; or that second scene, on the day after the birth of the child—Tristram they called him for sorrow—when she summons round her bed those who would basely surrender the city, and appealing to the babe's weakness and her own womanhood, seeks to inspire them with her own courage.

One might have thought, *primâ facie*, that there would be some record of the meeting between king and queen after scenes like these, some written word to show how the queen greeted the king when he came out of captivity and sore peril, and how the king acknowledged her proud bearing in extreme danger. But the chronicler, who loved them both, is silent. And yet he stays to give us the picture of an earlier time, and not so much earlier, when the relations between the royal couple had been more loverlike. He tells how Blanche, the queen-mother, had tyrannised over them, as the *maîtresse-femme*, the woman accustomed to authority, will tyrannise in all stations of life, and how, to secure some privacy of intercourse, they had arranged a meeting-place on a hidden stairway, each scuttling back like a rabbit at the approach of the maternal enemy. And he tells of the younger woman's passionate appeal—one of those appeals that are so human that they ring through the ages, like the appeal of Marie Antoinette to her motherhood—tells how Margaret lay after child-birth, as all thought dying, and the king hung over her, and the queen-mother ordered him away, and the wife cried: "Alas! whether dead or alive, you will not suffer me to see my lord!" "Whereupon she fainted, and they thought she was dead, and the king, who thought she was dying, came back." [1]

[1] Should one smile or sigh? The same Margaret, in after years, tried

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It has been conjectured that politics came, to some extent, between the king and queen, and that the king wished to be unfettered by her influence in state affairs.[1] For Margaret was no lay-figure. She played a not unimportant part in the world's affairs. Failing the arbitration of Lewis himself, Henry III. and the English barons agreed to refer their differences to her. That arbitration proving abortive, she sided throughout and very actively with Henry, whose wife Eleanor was her younger sister. All her life long she passionately maintained her claims on Provence as against the king's brother. Possibly, therefore, St. Lewis may, while agreeing to allow her a certain independence of action, have preferred to remain outside the sphere of her activities. One cannot tell. The heart-relations between two human beings are always difficult to unravel—often too tangled to be unravelled even by the two persons most interested. At the same time, as I said, one cannot but agree with Joinville, that the king's "good manners" in relation to the queen are somewhat open to question. For myself I confess that I should have thought it better "manners," if, when the ship struck on the sand-bank, and death seemed imminent, he had gone to encourage his wife and children, instead of prostrating himself "cross-wise, on the deck of the vessel . . . before the body of our Lord."

To a man of St. Lewis's temperament, the cloister must have offered attractions wellnigh irresistible; and it is recorded that, on one occasion at least, he expressed a determination to seek its retirement, when the queen effectually combated his resolution by silently fetching his children, and placing them before him. Had such monkish ideals anything to do with his attitude towards his wife? Had he a kind of feeling that marriage acted as a restraint, not certainly on his passions, but on his piety? Was he swayed, in marriage, voluntarily or involuntarily, towards the celibate life? I scarcely think so. For the man, with all his religious fervour, was essentially sane of heart and head. His ethics

to exercise her influence most unduly over her own son Philip, and induced him to swear that he would remain subject to her authority till he had attained the age of thirty—with other like stipulations. See p. 422, *Revue des Questions Historiques*, 1867, Vol. III.

[1] See the extremely interesting article entitled *Marguerite de Provence, son caractère, son rôle politique*, in the *Revue des Questions Historiques*, Vol. III., 1867, pp. 417-458.

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were those of a saint, but they were also those of a supremely honest and upright man. Nor was he in the least priest-ridden. When the assembled bishops of France came to him, and proposed a course which his own conscience did not approve, he unhesitatingly refused to acquiesce, and give them powers they might misuse. He offers the example, rare at all times, and under every form of governmnet, whether monarchic, aristocratic, or democratic, of a ruler bent on ruling according to the moral law alone.

With such a guiding spirit, with pure religious zeal and honesty at the helm, there can be no question as to the aims and objects of the Crusade, nor any necessity, or indeed excuse, for such a disquisition as that with which I introduced Villehardouin's chronicle. Dandolo, Montferrat, Baldwin, even Henry, nearly all the leading actors on Villehardouin's stage, may have been swayed this way and that, by motives not all avowable. St. Lewis had but one motive, and that open as the day, from the time when, in his sore sickness, and being then some thirty years of age (1244), he vowed to take the cross. Broadly, the condition of affairs in the Holy Land remained at that date pretty much what they had been when Montferrat's host embarked at Venice fifty-two years before (1202). True, the intervening years had been crowded with action. Apart from the constantly-recurring local episodes of battle and siege, bloodshed and famine, and slaughter, there had been a descent into Egypt, with siege and sack of Damietta (1219), and a disastrous advance on Cairo, an expedition curiously similar in its incidents to that which St. Lewis was about to undertake. There had been the expedition to the Holy Land of the brilliant and cultured Frederick II. of Germany, who by treaty had obtained possession of Jerusalem (1229)—curiously enough he was at the time under ban of excommunication—and had been crowned there as king. There had been, also for a time, a recrudescence of Christian power and influence. But this had passed away. The tide had set against the West and against the Cross. A few strongholds on the shore of Judæa alone remained in Frank hands. As in 1202, so in 1248, when St. Lewis sailed from Aigues-Mortes, the task of reconquering Jerusalem still remained to be accomplished. That was the task to which St. Lewis set himself with all singleness of heart and aim,—and he failed. His general-

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ship was clearly not on a level with his personal courage or self-devotion. Jerusalem had finally passed into Moslem hands. But the man himself, the story of him, the record of his loving follower and friend—these live for all time.

As to Joinville's style, why, I fear I have done him some wrong in speaking of his age and garrulity. No doubt he was eighty-five when he finished his book, and like most old men, he liked to hear himself talk. But those whom the gods love die young, and they die young not because their span of life is short, but because they carry into extreme age, nay to the very grave itself, the fresh youth of their spirit. And, in this sense, Joinville was young at four score years and five. With all his garrulity, his readiness to turn aside and be beguiled from the forward path by incident or episode, his love for going over the past lingeringly—with all this, his outlook is as keen, as full of interest, as blithe, as the outlook of a boy. He sees clearly, he describes well, and his touch is light and bright—not perhaps, to speak with perfect accuracy, the touch of a writer in the French tradition, because the French tradition was scarcely formed, but of a writer who occupies his due place in the formation of that tradition. Here again "the style is the man himself."

"And what good came of it at last?" the reader may perhaps be tempted to ask, like the little Peterkin of Southey's verse. What advantage has the world reaped from the seed sown by the Crusades? Has anything commensurate been gained by the blood spilt in that great contest between the West and East? Did the good in it all, contemporary and prospective, outweigh the evil? As to this the judgments of posterity have been very varied. The eighteenth century, which was an age of not very profound reason, and possessed but little of the historic sense, regarded the whole movement mainly as an outbreak of fanaticism. The nineteenth century, the present century, with their deeper feeling for the complexities of human life, are more tolerant. Here, for instance, is what that sober historian, Bishop Stubbs, says: "The Crusades are not, in my mind, either the popular delusions that our cheap literature has determined them to be, nor papal conspiracies against kings and peoples, as they appear to the Protestant controversialist, nor the savage outbreaks of expiring barbarism thirsting for blood and plunder,

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nor volcanic explosions of religious intolerance. I believe them to have been, in their deep sources, and in the minds of their best champions, and in the main tendency of their results, capable of ample justification. They were the first great effort of mediæval life to go beyond the pursuit of selfish and isolated ambitions; they were the trial-feat of the young world, essaying to use, to the glory of God and the benefit of man, the arms of its new knighthood. That they failed in their direct object is only what may be alleged against almost every design which the Great Disposer of events has moulded to help the world's progress; for the world has grown wise by the experience of failure, rather than by the winnings of high aims. That the good they did was largely leavened with evil may be said of every war that has ever been waged; that bad men rose by them while good men fell, is and must be true wherever and whenever the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong. But that, in the end, they were a benefit to the world no one who reads can doubt; and that in their course they brought out a love for all that is heroic in human nature—the love of freedom, the honour of prowess, sympathy with sorrow, perseverance to the last, and patient endurance without hope—the chronicles of the age abundantly prove; proving, moreover, that it was by the experience of those times that the former of those virtues were realised, and presented to posterity. . . . The history of the Crusades has always had for me an interest that quite rivals all the interest I could take in the history of the Greeks and Romans." [1] These are wise and sober words, and I quote them, partly because they carry weight, as coming from such an authority as Bishop Stubbs, and partly because they will, I think, provide the reader, as it were, with an atmosphere in which to study these fine old Chronicles of Villehardouin and Joinville.

Existing Translations and General Observations

It is scarcely necessary that I should enter here into a disquisition on the MSS. of Villehardouin and Joinville, and the various French editions of their chronicles. Suffice it to say, that with regard to Villehardouin I have used, for the

[1] *Seventeen Lectures on the study of Mediæval and Modern History*, etc., by William Stubbs. Oxford, 1874, pp. 157-158.

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present translation, the learned and admirable editions of M. Natalis de Wailly [1] and the equally excellent edition of M. Emile Bouchet.[2] Both these editions contain an excellent text—that of M. de Wailly containing also notes of the various readings in the leading MSS., while M. Bouchet's second volume embraces an elaborate and very valuable dissertation on the Crusade. With regard to Joinville, I have similarly used the edition of M. Natalis de Wailly, which is similar in form and character and excellence to that of his *Villehardouin*.[3]

As to English versions, a word more is necessary. Villehardouin's book has only, so far as I know, been once translated into English, and that was by a certain T. Smith, not otherwise known to me, whose version was published in 1829, by Pickering.[4] The book is comparatively rare, so that I think I may assume to be the first to place Villehardouin's Chronicle before the English reader in a popular form. T. Smith, whoever he may have been, was a scholar, and his work, subject to a slight criticism I shall have to make hereafter, was well done.

Joinville's Chronicle has, so far as I know, been translated three times. It was translated, in the early part of last century, by Johnes of Hafod.[5] Now Johnes of Hafod, though not an inspired translator, is a translator by no means to be despised. His version of Froissart has not the sixteenth-century charm, the old-world power and picturesqueness of Lord Berner's version, published in 1523-25; it is perforce less near to Froissart in language and spirit; but still

[1] *Geoffroi de Villehardouin, Conquête de Constantinople, avec la Continuation de Henri de Valenciennes, texte original, accompagné d'une traduction*, par M. Natalis de Wailly, Membre de l'Institut. Seconde Edition, Paris, 1874.

[2] *Geoffroi de Villehardouin. La Conquête de Constantinople. Texte et traduction nouvelle, avec notes, notice, et glossaire*, two vols. Paris, 1891.

[3] *Jean, Sire de Joinville. Histoire de Saint Louis, Credo, et Lettre à Louis X. Texte original accompagné d'une traduction*, par M. Natalis de Wailly, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, 1874. The Credo and Letter to Louis X. I have not translated. They are beautiful in their own way, but scarcely of general interest.

[4] *The Chronicle of Geoffry de Villehardouin, Marshal of Champagne and Roumania, concerning the conquest of Constantinople by the French and Venetians, anno MCCIV.*, translated by T. Smith. London, William Pickering, 1829.

[5] *Memoirs of John, Lord de Joinville, Grand Mareschal of Champagne*, written by himself, etc., the whole translated by Thomas Johnes, at the Hafod Press of James Henderson, 1807.

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it is a good translation. When, however, he came to deal with Joinville, he was seriously handicapped. For the French version, on which he relied,[1] was that of Du Cange, published in 1668, which itself was founded on an earlier version, that of Ménard—Du Cange expressly regretting that he had had access to no MSS., and observing, with perfect candour, that he " finds a difficulty in believing that the Sire de Joinville had written in such polished language " as that which Ménard attributes to him. In other words Johnes' translation—which is that adopted in Bohn's series—is based on an edited and corrupt translation into modern French, and has, strictly, scant historical value.

For the translations published by James Hutton[2] in 1868, and Ethel Wedgwood[3] in 1906, I have no desire to speak with anything but civility. Both, however, possess what I cannot but regard as a defect, viz., that they do not reproduce Joinville's book as he wrote it. In both there is abridgment, and, in Miss Wedgwood's book at least, rearrangement. Now I am not denying that for " editing " of this kind there is, in Joinville's case, considerable excuse. Joinville, as I have already said, was garrulous; he dictated largely, freely, probably at intervals, as a great lord would; he divided his book into two parts, dealing, one, with the king's religious life and the other with the king's secular life—a division that even in more practised literary hands would have involved repetition, and he repeats himself without scruple. He had clearly never studied the art of composition in any polite academy. The most ordinary magazine writer of to-day could put him up to certain " tricks of the trade " of which he knew nothing. But—and here is the real point—all this garrulity, literary nonchalance, naïveté, simplicity, absence of the author's pose—all this goes to make up the real Joinville, who was an old man with a boy's heart, and a *grand seigneur*, and a gentleman, and a Christian, and a very fine

[1] Though a far better version, for this purpose, was even then available, viz., the version, founded on MSS. texts, published by Capperonnier, in 1761. Any one comparing the first parts, for instance, of Johnes' translation with that here published will see how seriously the original Joinville has been played with.

[2] *Saint Lewis, King of France*, by the Sire de Joinville, translated by James Hutton. Sampson Low, Marston and Co. The sixth edition published in 1892 is before me.

[3] *The Memoirs of the Lord of Joinville*, a new English version, by Ethel Wedgwood, 1906. John Murray.

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fellow. Even apart from the strict historical respect for a text, we lose by trying to improve upon the work of a man of this individuality and force. So I make no apology, nay, I claim credit, for presenting Joinville's Chronicle to the English reader, *for the first time*, as Joinville dictated it,[1] so far as the differences between the English and French languages will allow.

And this brings me to the question of translation. Now the translator, I take it, should endeavour to place himself, as it were, inside the author's mind, and reproduce the author's work in the same form which the author himself would use if he were writing in the language of the translation. But when the translator attempts to carry out this principle in dealing with such works as the chronicles of Villehardouin or Joinville, he is at once confronted with a great difficulty. Villehardouin writes at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and Joinville at the beginning of the fourteenth, and to translate their old French into the language spoken in these islands circa 1209 and 1309, would —even if I could claim the ability for such a task, and this I am far indeed from doing—be a work of at least doubtful utility. The English reader of to-day would thank me very little for plunging him into a vernacular very much more archaic than that of Chaucer. (*Canterbury Tales* circa 1383.) What, then, is the alternative? To frankly adopt the quite modern English in use among our contemporaries?

I do not think so. But in order to explain why I think otherwise, it will be necessary to go somewhat farther afield, and make an excursus into a question of literary æsthetics.

Why do we read such books as the chronicles in question? For the facts recorded? Certainly, in a measure. Both Villehardouin and Joinville were eye and ear witnesses of much that they recorded, and in a general history of the

[1] This, however, must be said with just a little qualification. Scribes in the days anterior to printing, and editors in the days after printing was invented, have rejuvenated and restored Joinville's text much as a succession of over-zealous rectors have dealt with some of our old parish churches. The first MSS. of the Chronicles, made at Joinville's own dictation, cannot be found. The earliest MSS. that can be found are not contemporary, and have been clearly doctored, so far as the language is concerned. The text on which the present translation is based is that of M. de Wailly, itself based on a careful comparison of the available sources. As regards all this question of MSS. and editions, I cannot do better than refer to the elaborate introduction to his edition of the Chronicle.

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great events they helped to fashion, they have a claim to be heard and considered. But they did not know *all* that took place. No contemporary ever knows *that*. He sees what he sees, the strand, more or less slender, that he holds in his own hand, or that comes within his purview—not the other strands that the future will gather together and fashion into the great fabric of history. Villehardouin and Joinville were, in a sense, only the special war correspondents—though specially well-informed no doubt—of their own time. If we want a full account of the attack on the Greek empire, or St. Lewis's Crusade, and want no more, we shall do better to go to one of the histories in which the whole story has been *quintessentiated* from all the chronicles and contemporary records.

Why, then, again, do we read such books as those of Villehardouin and Joinville? Partly, as I have said, for the facts, but much more for the spirit. These books take us back, and take us back delightfully, among "old forgotten far-off things;" and they take us back, not as a history, however graphic, takes us back, consciously, by effort, with inevitable modern sidelights, to-day perforce throwing some of its gleams and shadows back upon yesterday—but simply, naturally, by placing us in the company of the men who lived of old time, and enabling us, for the nonce, to see with their eyes and hear with their ears. The very imperfection of those older writers has a charm. They repeat the same forms of expression freely. Their vocabulary is simple, often to monotony. Of adjectives they possess but a small provision. The literary tricks now performed quite freely by any tyro in journalism they have not acquired. They are essentially of their time—a lisping time—but the lisping time of giants. And to take their speech, their large and simple utterance, and mould it afresh into the language of modernity, dispels an illusion, jars us, brings us back too suddenly, like a diver rashly and over hastily coming out of the deep sea, into "the light of common day."

Let me briefly illustrate. Villehardouin returns from Venice, and gives an account of his mission to Thibaut of Champagne. These are his words, which I translate quite literally: "So rode Geoffry the Marshal, day by day, that he came to Troyes in Champagne, and found his lord, the Count Thibaut, sick and languishing; and he (Count Thibaut) was

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greatly rejoiced at his coming. And when he (Geoffry) told him the news how they had fared, he was so rejoiced that he said he would mount horse, which he had not done of a long time; and he arose and rode forth. Alas! how great the pity! For never more did he mount horse, save that once." Now this is how T. Smith, for whom, I repeat, I have every respect, translates the passage into the English of his generation: "Geoffry the Marshal continued his journey until he arrived at Troyes in Champagne, where he found his lord, Count Thibaut sick and dispirited, but notwithstanding greatly rejoiced at his return. And when the count understood the good success of his embassy, he was so elated that he called for his horse to ride forth which for a long time past he had not done. He arose from his bed and mounted his horse for the last time." Here we have, no doubt, the substance. T. Smith tells us, practically, what Villehardouin tells us. But he gives us no more than dry bones. The soul, the thirteenth-century spirit, the feudatory's burst of sorrow over his beloved feudal lord, the predestined chief of a great expedition in which they were both to take part, the stern soldier's "Alas!"—for the "great pity" of it—all this has vanished. We are not with Villehardouin in the thirteenth century at all. We are, a very different thing for the present purpose, in the year 1829.

So the alternative is, unless I greatly deceive myself, a version that shall follow the old French idiom as closely as possible without ceasing to be genuinely English, and the use, in that version, of turns of speech, and a vocabulary, that are either archaic, or suggest archaism, and that in any case seek to avoid a too modern ring.

Whereupon I imagine that some

> "Brisk little somebody,
> Critic and whippersnapper, in a rage
> To set things right,"—

such an one as animadverted on Balaustion's recitation—will object, "such language as you suggest was not in use during the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries, nor has it ever been in use since. It is Wardour Street English"—that was, if I remember right, the term applied to William Morris's prose romances,—"it is a sham, or at best a convention."

A sham—no. There is not any pretence about it. A convention—yes. But then how essentially convention underlies

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all art! We say of Shakespeare that he is natural. And so he is, if you will accept the convention that human beings speak in blank verse, and possess the imperial sway over language that he, the great word-monarch, attributes to his characters. Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, now fading on the old wall in Milan, touches the highest truth, the supreme of nature, in the faces and forms of Christ and the Apostles. But is it to be supposed that our Lord and His Apostles sat at their meal in that superb rhythmic order, which is almost suggestive of music? Did they even sit with as much arrangement as in M. Dagnan-Bouveret's fine picture of the same subject? If we possessed a photograph of the scene, as it actually took place in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, that photograph would have inestimable value historically and, maybe, devotionally. But its artistic value would probably be none at all. Or take again another art: M. Coquelin is, to my mind, the most "natural" great actor living. But M. Coquelin, quite obviously, would not speak off the stage as he does on the stage—he would not speak so loud, nor with the same elaborateness of elocution; nor would his gestures possess the same point and emphasis. As an actor he adopts perforce the stage conventions, and succeeds, not because he is really natural—which would entail failure—but because he produces the illusion of nature.

And so I contend that the translator of such old chronicles as those of Villehardouin and Joinville should aim at producing, in a similar way, an illusion of the past. He should place his readers in a congenial atmosphere—a conventional atmosphere, if you like, but one in which, if his work has been well done, there is nothing to jar and distract—no obtrusion of the winds and zephyrs, nay, possibly the fogs and miasma, of to-day.

While if precedents be wanted, are they not to hand? Rightly understood, is not Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* a series of poems in which the poet has reproduced, not the past, but its *simulacrum?* Kingsley's admirable *Greek Heroes* come exactly within my meaning.[1] So do William Morris's prose romances, and very large portions of his verse.

[1] It is interesting from the point of view under discussion to compare Kingsley's book with Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*. Hawthorne was a man of genius, no doubt, but the modern note injures his book. It will not stand beside Kingsley's.

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So does Lady Gregory's *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*. So, to pass to another literature, does Balzac's *Contes Drolatiques*, very foolishly attacked, from the linguistic side, by certain pedants of his generation. Nay, *Esmond* itself—fully as Thackeray, by study, by the character of his own genius, had identified himself with the days of Queen Anne, so that he was all but the contemporary of Addison, and Steele, and Swift—are there not parts of *Esmond* itself when the modern speaks a speech that is not really that of the Augustinian age, but only—I am far from complaining—give us its illusion? Or, going further still, that monument of the English tongue, the authorised version of the Bible—let every Englishman salute at the mention of it!—does it represent the language as spoken and written in Great Britain when James I. was king? No doubt it approaches nearer to that language than it approaches to ours. But even then, with Tyndale at the back of it, it had, more or less, an archaic form. It obtained force and solemnity by being somewhat out of date. It was, if you like to call it so, written in the English of "Wardour Street," or of whatever street it was that displayed objects of doubtful antiquity in King James's London!

But here my precedents are clearly overwhelming. Who am I to stand in such company? And if the reader says, "Your arguments are sound, your principles cannot be impeached, your intentions are excellent, but—your version is deplorable," I can only reply, "Don't visit my shortcomings on Villehardouin and Joinville. They are worthy of any reader's regard."

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

LONDON, *February* 1908.

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MEMOIRS OF THE CRUSADES

VILLEHARDOUIN'S CHRONICLE OF THE FOURTH CRUSADE AND THE CONQUEST OF CONSTANTINOPLE

THE FIRST PREACHING OF THE CRUSADE [1]

BE it known to you that eleven hundred and ninety-seven years after the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the time of Innocent Pope of Rome, and Philip King of France, and Richard King of England, there was in France a holy man named Fulk of Neuilly—which Neuilly is between Lagni-sur-Marne and Paris—and he was a priest and held the cure of the village. And this said Fulk began to speak of God throughout the Isle of France, and the other countries round about; and you must know that by him the Lord wrought many miracles.

Be it known to you further, that the fame of this holy man so spread, that it reached the Pope of Rome, Innocent; [2] and the Pope sent to France, and ordered the right worthy man to preach the cross (the Crusade) by his authority. And afterwards the Pope sent a cardinal of his, Master Peter of Capua, who himself had taken the cross, to proclaim the Indulgence of which I now tell you, viz., that all who should take the cross and serve in the host for one year, would be de-

[1] In these divisions and headings I mainly follow, but not slavishly, M. N. de Wailly.

[2] Elected Pope on the 8th January 1198, at the early age of thirty-seven, Innocent III. was one of the leading spirits of his time—in every sense a strong man and great Pope. From the beginning of his pontificate he turned his thoughts and policy to the recovery of Jerusalem. M Achille Luchaire has recently published four volumes dealing respectively with Innocent in his relations to *Rome and Italy*, *The Crusade against the Albigenses*, *The Papacy and the Empire*, *The Eastern Question*. Mr. Pirie-Gordon has also just published a volume entitled *Innocent the Great, an Essay on his Life and Times*.

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livered from all the sins they had committed, and acknowledged in confession. And because this indulgence was so great, the hearts of men were much moved, and many took the cross for the greatness of the pardon.

OF THOSE WHO TOOK THE CROSS

The other year after that right worthy man Fulk had so spoken of God, there was held a tourney in Champagne, at a castle called Ecri, and by God's grace it so happened that Thibaut, Count of Champagne and Brie, took the cross, and the Count Lewis of Blois and Chartres likewise; and this was at the beginning of Advent (28th November 1199). Now you must know that this Count Thibaut was but a young man, and not more than twenty-two years of age, and the Count Lewis not more than twenty-seven. These two counts were nephews and cousins-german to the King of France, and, on the other part, nephews to the King of England.

With these two counts there took the cross two very high and puissant barons of France, Simon of Montfort,[1] and Renaud of Montmirail. Great was the fame thereof throughout the land when these two high and puissant men took the cross.

In the land of Count Thibaut of Champagne took the cross Garnier, Bishop of Troyes, Count Walter of Brienne, Geoffry of Joinville,[2] who was seneschal of the land, Robert his brother, Walter of Vignory, Walter of Montbéliart, Eustace of Conflans, Guy of Plessis his brother, Henry of Arzillières, Oger of Saint-Chéron, Villain of Neuilly, Geoffry of Villehardouin, Marshal of Champagne, Geoffry his nephew, William of Nully, Walter of Fuligny, Everard of Montigny, Manasses of l'Isle, Macaire of Sainte-Menehould, Miles the Brebant, Guy of Chappes, Clerembaud his nephew, Reginald of Dampierre, John Foisnous, and many other right worthy men whom this book does not here mention by name.

With Count Lewis took the cross Gervais of Châtel, Hervée his son, John of Virsin, Oliver of Rochefort, Henry of Mont-

[1] This was the Simon de Montfort who afterwards ruthlessly crushed the Albigenses. It was his son who led the barons against Henry III. defeated the royal army at Lewes, and was killed at Evesham (1265).

[2] This was the father of the Joinville whose Chronicle forms the second portion of this volume.

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reuil, Payen of Orléans, Peter of Bracieux, Hugh his brother, William of Sains, John of Friaize, Walter of Gaudonville, Hugh of Cormeray, Geoffry his brother, Hervée of Beauvoir, Robert of Frouville, Peter his brother, Orri of l'Isle, Robert of the Quartier, and many more whom this book does not here mention by name.

In the Isle of France took the cross Nevelon, Bishop of Soissons, Matthew of Montmorency, Guy the Castellan of Coucy, his nephew, Robert of Ronsoi, Ferri of Yerres, John his brother, Walter of Saint-Denis, Henry his brother, William of Aunoi, Robert Manvoisin, Dreux of Cressonsacq, Bernard of Moreuil, Enguerrand of Boves, Robert his brother, and many more right worthy men with regard to whose names this book is here silent.

At the beginning of the following Lent, on the day when folk are marked with ashes (23rd February 1200), the cross was taken at Bruges by Count Baldwin of Flanders and Hainault, and by the Countess Mary his wife, who was sister to the Count Thibaut of Champagne. Afterwards took the cross, Henry his brother, Thierri his nephew, who was the son of Count Philip of Flanders, William the advocate of Béthune, Conon his brother, John of Nêle Castellan of Bruges, Reginald of Trit, Reginald his son, Matthew of Wallincourt, James of Avesnes, Baldwin of Beauvoir, Hugh of Beaumetz, Girard of Mancicourt, Odo of Ham, William of Gommegnies, Dreux of Beaurain, Roger of Marck, Eustace of Sobruic, Francis of Colemi, Walter of Bousies, Reginald of Mons, Walter of the Tombes, Bernard of Somergen, and many more right worthy men in great number, with regard to whom this book does not speak further.

Afterwards took the cross, Count Hugh of St. Paul. With him took the cross, Peter of Amiens his nephew, Eustace of Canteleu, Nicholas of Mailly, Anseau of Cayeaux, Guy of Houdain, Walter of Nêle, Peter his brother, and many other men who are unknown to us.

Directly afterwards took the cross Geoffry of the Perche, Stephen his brother, Rotrou of Montfort, Ives of la Jaille, Aimery of Villeroi, Geoffry of Beaumont, and many others whose names I do not know.

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THE CRUSADERS SEND SIX ENVOYS TO VENICE

Afterwards the barons held a parliament at Soissons, to settle when they should start, and whither they should wend. But they could come to no agreement, because it did not seem to them that enough people had taken the cross. So during all that year (1200) no two months passed without assemblings in parliament at Compiègne. There met all the counts and barons who had taken the cross. Many were the opinions given and considered; but in the end it was agreed that envoys should be sent, the best that could be found, with full powers, as if they were the lords in person, to settle such matters as needed settlement.

Of these envoys, Thibaut, Count of Champagne and Brie, sent two; Baldwin, Count of Flanders and Hainault, two; and Lewis, Count of Blois and Chartes, two. The envoys of the Count Thibaut were Geoffry of Villehardouin, Marshal of Champagne, and Miles the Brebant; the envoys of Count Baldwin were Conon of Béthune, and Alard Maquereau, and the envoys of Count Lewis were John of Friaise, and Walter of Gaudonville.

To these six envoys the business in hand was fully committed, all the barons delivering to them valid charters, with seals attached, to the effect that they would undertake to maintain and carry out whatever conventions and agreements the envoys might enter into, in all sea ports, and whithersoever else the envoys might fare.

Thus were the six envoys despatched, as you have been told; and they took counsel among themselves, and this was their conclusion: that in Venice they might expect to find a greater number of vessels than in any other port. So they journeyed day by day, till they came thither in the first week of Lent (February 1201).

THE ENVOYS ARRIVE IN VENICE, AND PROFFER THEIR REQUEST

The Doge of Venice, whose name was Henry Dandolo,[1] and

[1] That Henry Dandolo was a very old man is certain, but there is doubt as to his precise age, as also as to the cause of his blindness. According to one account he had been blinded, or all but blinded, by

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who was very wise and very valiant, did them great honour, both he and the other folk, and entertained them right willingly, marvelling, however, when the envoys had delivered their letters, what might be the matter of import that had brought them to that country. For the letters were letters of credence only, and declared no more than that the bearers were to be accredited as if they were the counts in person, and that the said counts would make good whatever the six envoys should undertake.

So the Doge replied: "Signors, I have seen your letters; well do we know that of men uncrowned your lords are the greatest, and they advise us to put faith in what you tell us, and that they will maintain whatsoever you undertake. Now, therefore, speak, and let us know what is your pleasure."

And the envoys answered: "Sire, we would that you should assemble your council; and before your council we will declare the wishes of our lords; and let this be to-morrow, if it so pleases you." And the Doge replied asking for respite till the fourth day, when he would assemble his council, so that the envoys might state their requirements.

The envoys waited then till the fourth day, as had been appointed them, and entered the palace, which was passing rich and beautiful; and found the Doge and his council in a chamber. There they delivered their message after this manner: "Sire, we come to thee on the part of the high barons of France, who have taken the sign of the cross to avenge the shame done to Jesus Christ, and to reconquer Jerusalem, if so be that God will suffer it. And because they know that no people have such great power to help them as you and your people, therefore we pray you by God that you take pity on the land oversea, and the shame of Christ, and use diligence that our lords have ships for transport and battle."

"And after what manner should we use diligence?"

the Greeks, and in a treacherous manner, when sent, at an earlier date, on an embassage to Constantinople—whence his bitter hostility to the Greek Empire. I agree, however, with Sir Rennell Rodd that, if this had been so, Villehardouin would scarcely have refrained from mentioning such an act of perfidy on the part of the wicked Greeks. (See p. 41 of Vol. I. of Sir Rennell Rodd's *Princes of Achaia*.) It is hardly to be imagined that he would keep the matter dark because, if he mentioned it, people would think Dandolo acted throughout from motives of personal vengeance. This would be to regard Villehardouin as a very astute controversial historian indeed.

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said the Doge. "After all manners that you may advise and propose," rejoined the envoys, "in so far as what you propose may be within our means." "Certes," said the Doge, "it is a great thing that your lords require of us, and well it seems that they have in view a high enterprise. We will give you our answer eight days from to-day. And marvel not if the term be long, for it is meet that so great a matter be fully pondered."

CONDITIONS PROPOSED BY THE DOGE

When the term appointed by the Doge was ended, the envoys returned to the palace. Many were the words then spoken which I cannot now rehearse. But this was the conclusion of that parliament: "Signors," said the Doge, "we will tell you the conclusions at which we have arrived, if so be that we can induce our great council and the commons of the land to allow of them; and you, on your part, must consult and see if you can accept them and carry them through.

"We will build transports[1] to carry four thousand five hundred horses, and nine thousand squires, and ships for four thousand five hundred knights, and twenty thousand sergeants of foot. And we will agree also to purvey food for these horses and people during nine months. This is what we undertake to do at the least, on condition that you pay us for each horse four marks, and for each man two marks.

"And the covenants we are now explaining to you, we undertake to keep, wheresoever we may be, for a year, reckoning from the day on which we sail from the port of Venice in the service of God and of Christendom. Now the sum total of the expenses above named amounts to 85,000 marks.

"And this will we do moreover. For the love of God, we will add to the fleet fifty armed galleys on condition that, so long as we act in company, of all conquests in land or money, whether at sea or on dry ground, we shall have the half, and you the other half. Now consult together to see if you, on your parts, can accept and fulfil these covenants."

[1] The old French term is *Vuissiers*, and denotes a kind of vessel, flat-bottomed, with large ports, specially constructed for the transport of horses. T. Smith translates "palanders," but I don't know that "palander" conveys any very clear idea to the English reader.

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The envoys then departed, and said that they would consult together and give their answer on the morrow. They consulted, and talked together that night, and agreed to accept the terms offered. So the next day they appeared before the Doge, and said: "Sire, we are ready to ratify this covenant." The Doge thereon said he would speak of the matter to his people, and, as he found them affected, so would he let the envoys know the issue.

On the morning of the third day, the Doge, who was very wise and valiant, assembled his great council, and the council was of forty men of the wisest that were in the land. And the Doge, by his wisdom and wit, that were very clear and very good, brought them to agreement and approval. Thus he wrought with them; and then with a hundred others, then two hundred, then a thousand, so that at last all consented and approved. Then he assembled well ten thousand of the people in the chapel of St. Mark, the most beautiful chapel that there is, and bade them hear a mass of the Holy Ghost, and pray to God for counsel on the request and messages that had been addressed to them. And the people did so right willingly.

CONCLUSION OF THE TREATY, AND RETURN OF THE ENVOYS

When mass had been said, the Doge desired the envoys to humbly ask the people to assent to the proposed covenant. The envoys came into the church. Curiously were they looked upon by many who had not before had sight of them.

Geoffry of Villehardouin, the Marshal of Champagne, by will and consent of the other envoys, acted as spokesman and said unto them: "Lords, the barons of France, most high and puissant, have sent us to you; and they cry to you for mercy, that you take pity on Jerusalem, which is in bondage to the Turks, and that, for God's sake, you help to avenge the shame of Christ Jesus. And for this end they have elected to come to you, because they know full well that there is none other people having so great power on the seas, as you and your people. And they commanded us to fall at your feet, and not to rise till you consent to take pity on the Holy Land which is beyond the seas."

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Then the six envoys knelt at the feet of the people, weeping many tears. And the Doge and all the others burst into tears of pity and compassion, and cried with one voice, and lifted up their hands, saying: "We consent, we consent!" Then was there so great a noise and tumult that it seemed as if the earth itself were falling to pieces.

And when this great tumult and passion of pity—greater did never any man see—were appeased, the good Doge of Venice, who was very wise and valiant, went up into the reading-desk, and spoke to the people, and said to them: "Signors, behold the honour that God has done you; for the best people in the world have set aside all other people, and chosen you to join them in so high an enterprise as the deliverance of our Lord!"

All the good and beautiful words that the Doge then spoke, I cannot repeat to you. But the end of the matter was, that the covenants were to be made on the following day; and made they were, and devised accordingly. When they were concluded, it was notified to the council that we should go to Babylon (Cairo), because the Turks could better be destroyed in Babylon than in any other land; but to the folk at large it was only told that we were bound to go overseas. We were then in Lent (March 1201), and by St. John's Day, in the following year—which would be twelve hundred and two years after the Incarnation of Jesus Christ—the barons and pilgrims were to be in Venice, and the ships ready against their coming.

When the treaties were duly indited and sealed, they were brought to the Doge in the grand palace, where had been assembled the great and the little council. And when the Doge delivered the treaties to the envoys, he knelt greatly weeping, and swore on holy relics faithfully to observe the conditions thereof, and so did all his council, which numbered fifty-six persons. And the envoys, on their side, swore to observe the treaties, and in all good faith to maintain their oaths and the oaths of their lords; and be it known to you that for great pity many a tear was there shed. And forthwith were messengers sent to Rome, to the Pope Innocent, that he might confirm this covenant—the which he did right willingly.

Then did the envoys borrow five thousand marks of silver, and gave them to the Doge so that the building of the ships

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might be begun. And taking leave to return to their own land, they journeyed day by day till they came to Placentia in Lombardy. There they parted. Geoffry, the Marshal of Champagne and Alard Maquereau went straight to France, and the others went to Genoa and Pisa to learn what help might there be had for the land oversea.

When Geoffry, the Marshal of Champagne, passed over Mont Cenis, he came in with Walter of Brienne, going into Apulia, to conquer the land of his wife, whom he had married since he took the cross, and who was the daughter of King Tancred. With him went Walter of Montbéliard, and Eustace of Conflans, Robert of Joinville, and a great part of the people of worth in Champagne who had taken the cross.

And when he told them the news how the envoys had fared, great was their joy, and much did they prize the arrangements made. And they said, "We are already on our way; and when you come, you will find us ready." But events fall out as God wills, and never had they power to join the host. This was much to our loss; for they were of great prowess and valiant. And thus they parted, and each went on his way.

So rode Geoffry the Marshal, day by day, that he came to Troyes in Champagne, and found his lord the Count Thibaut sick and languishing, and right glad was the count of his coming. And when he had told the count how he had fared, the count was so rejoiced that he said he would mount horse, a thing he had not done of a long time. So he rose from his bed and rode forth. But alas, how great the pity! For never again did he bestride horse but that once.

His sickness waxed and grew worse, so that at the last he made his will and testament, and divided the money which he would have taken with him on pilgrimage among his followers and companions, of whom he had many that were very good men and true—no one at that time had more. And he ordered that each one, on receiving his money, should swear on holy relics, to join the host at Venice, according as he had promised. Many there were who kept that oath badly, and so incurred great blame. The count ordered that another portion of his treasure should be retained, and taken to the host, and there expended as might seem best.

Thus died the count; and no man in this world made a better end. And there were present at that time a very

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great assemblage of men of his lineage and of his vassals. But of the mourning and funeral pomp it is unmeet that I should here speak. Never was more honour paid to any man. And right well that it was so, for never was man of his age more beloved by his own men, nor by other folk. Buried he was beside his father in the church of our lord St. Stephen at Troyes. He left behind him the Countess, his wife, whose name was Blanche, very fair, very good, the daughter of the King of Navarre. She had borne him a little daughter, and was then about to bear a son.

THE CRUSADERS LOOK FOR ANOTHER CHIEF

When the Count was buried, Matthew of Montmorency, Simon of Montfort, Geoffry of Joinville who was seneschal, and Geoffry the Marshal, went to Odo, Duke of Burgundy, and said to him, "Sire, your cousin is dead. You see what evil has befallen the land oversea. We pray you by God that you take the cross, and succour the land oversea in his stead. And we will cause you to have all his treasure, and will swear on holy relics, and make the others swear also, to serve you in all good faith, even as we should have served him."

Such was his pleasure that he refused. And be it known to you that he might have done much better. The envoys charged Geoffry of Joinville to make the self-same offer to the Count of Bar-le-Duc, Thibaut, who was cousin to the dead count, and he refused also.

Very great was the discomfort of the pilgrims, and of all who were about to go on God's service, at the death of Count Thibaut of Champagne; and they held a parliament, at the beginning of the month, at Soissons, to determine what they should do. There were present Count Baldwin of Flanders and Hainault, the Count Lewis of Blois and Chartres, the Count Geoffry of Perche, the Count Hugh of Saint-Paul, and many other men of worth.

Geoffry the Marshal spake to them and told them of the offer made to the Duke of Burgundy, and to the Count of Bar-le-Duc, and how they had refused it. "My lords," said he, "listen, I will advise you of somewhat if you will

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consent thereto. The Marquis of Montferrat[1] is very worthy and valiant, and one of the most highly prized of living men. If you asked him to come here, and take the sign of the cross, and put himself in place of the Count of Champagne, and you gave him the lordship of the host, full soon would he accept thereof."

Many were the words spoken for and against; but in the end all agreed, both small and great. So were letters written, and envoys chosen, and the marquis was sent for. And he came, on the day appointed, through Champagne and the Isle-de-France, where he received much honour, and specially from the King of France, who was his cousin.

BONIFACE, MARQUIS OF MONTFERRAT, BECOMES CHIEF OF THE CRUSADE—NEW CRUSADERS—DEATH OF GEOFFRY COUNT OF PERCHE

So he came to a parliament assembled at Soissons; and the main part of the counts and barons and of the other Crusaders were there assembled. When they heard that the marquis was coming, they went out to meet him, and did him much honour. In the morning the parliament was held in an orchard belonging to the abbey of our Lady of Soissons. There they besought the marquis to do as they had desired of him, and prayed him, for the love of God, to take the cross, and accept the leadership of the host, and stand in the place of Thibaut Count of Champagne, and accept of his money

[1] Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, was one of the most accomplished men of the time, and an approved soldier. His little court at Montferrat was the resort of artist and troubadour. His family was a family of Crusaders. The father, William of Montferrat, had gone oversea, and fought valiantly against the infidel. Boniface's eldest brother, William of the Long Sword, married a daughter of the titular King of Jerusalem, and their son became titular king in turn. Another brother, Conrad, starting for the Holy Land, stopped at Constantinople, and did there such good service that the Greek emperor gave his sister to him in marriage; but afterwards, fearing the perfidy of his brother-in-law, Conrad fled to Syria, and there battled against Saladin. Yet another brother, Renier, also served in the Greek Empire, married an Emperor's daughter, and received for guerdon of his deeds the kingdom of Salonica. Boniface himself had fought valiantly against Saladin, been made prisoner, and afterwards liberated on exchange. It was no mean and nameless knight that Villehardouin was proposing as chief to the assembled Crusaders, but a princely noble, the patron of poets, versed in state affairs, and possessing personal experience of Eastern warfare. I extract these details from M. Bouchet's *Notice*.

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and of his men. And they fell at his feet, with many tears; and he, on his part, fell at their feet, and said he would do it right willingly.

Thus did the marquis consent to their prayers, and receive the lordship of the host. Whereupon the Bishop of Soissons, and Master Fulk, the holy man, and two white monks whom the marquis had brought with him from his own land, led him into the Church of Notre Dame, and attached the cross to his shoulder. Thus ended this parliament, and the next day he took leave to return to his own land and settle his own affairs—telling them all to settle their own affairs likewise, for that he would meet them at Venice.

Thence did the marquis go to attend the Chapter at Cîteaux, which is held on Holy Cross Day in September (14th September 1041). There he found a great number of abbots, barons and other people of Burgundy; and Master Fulk went thither to preach the Crusade. And at that place took the cross Odo the Champenois of Champlitte, and William his brother, Richard of Dampierre, Odo his brother, Guy of Pesmes, Edmund his brother, Guy of Conflans, and many other good men of Burgundy, whose names are not recorded. Afterwards took the cross the Bishop of Autun, Guignes Count of Forez, Hugh of Bergi (father and son), Hugh of Colemi. Further on in Provence took the cross Peter Bromont, and many others whose names are unknown to us.

Thus did the pilgrims make ready in all lands. Alas! a great mischance befell them in the following Lent (March 1202) before they had started, for the Count Geoffry of Perche fell sick, and made his will in such fashion that he directed that Stephen, his brother, should have his goods, and lead his men in the host. Of this exchange the pilgrims would willingly have been quit, had God so ordered. Thus did the count make an end and die; and much evil ensued, for he was a baron high and honoured, and a good knight. Greatly was he mourned throughout all his lands.

FIRST STARTING OF THE PILGRIMS FOR VENICE, AND OF SOME WHO WENT NOT THITHER

After Easter and towards Whitsuntide (June 1202) began the pilgrims to leave their own country. And you must know that at their departure many were the tears shed for

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pity and sorrow, by their own people and by their friends. So they journeyed through Burgundy, and by the mountains of Mont-Joux (? Jura) by Mont Cenis, and through Lombardy, and began to assemble at Venice, where they were lodged on an island which is called St. Nicholas in the port.

At that time started from Flanders a fleet that carried a great number of good men-at-arms. Of this fleet were Captains John of Nêle, Castellan of Bruges, Thierri, who was the son of Count Philip of Flanders, and Nicholas of Mailly. And these promised Count Baldwin, and swore on holy relics, that they would go through the straits of Morocco, and join themselves to him, and to the host of Venice, at whatsoever place they might hear that the count was faring. And for this reason the Count of Flanders and Henry his brother had confided to them certain ships loaded with cloth and food and other wares.

Very fair was this fleet, and rich, and great was the reliance that the Count of Flanders and the pilgrims placed upon it, because very many of their good sergeants were journeying therein. But ill did these keep the faith they had sworn to the count, they and others like them, because they and such others of the same sort became fearful of the great perils that the host of Venice had undertaken.

Thus did the Bishop of Autun fail us, and Guignes the Count of Forez, and Peter Bromont, and many people besides, who were greatly blamed therein; and of little worth were the exploits they performed there where they did go. And of the French failed us Bernard of Moreuil, Hugh of Chaumont, Henry of Araines, John of Villers, Walter of Saint-Denis, Hugh his brother, and many others, who avoided the passage to Venice because of the danger, and went instead to Marseilles—whereof they received shame, and much were they blamed—and great were the mishaps that afterwards befell them.

OF THE PILGRIMS WHO CAME TO VENICE, AND OF THOSE WHO WENT TO APULIA

Now let us for this present speak of them no further, but speak of the pilgrims, of whom a great part had already come to Venice. Count Baldwin of Flanders had already arrived there, and many others, and thither were tidings brought to

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them that many of the pilgrims were travelling by other ways, and from other ports. This troubled them greatly, because they would thus be unable to fulfil the promise made to the Venetians, and find the moneys that were due.

So they took counsel together, and agreed to send good envoys to meet the pilgrims, and to meet Count Lewis of Blois and Chartres, who had not yet arrived, and to put them in good heart, and beseech them to have pity of the Holy Land beyond the sea, and show them that no other passage, save that from Venice, could be of profit.

For this embassage they made choice of Count Hugh of Saint-Paul and Geoffry the Marshal of Champagne, and these rode till they came to Pavia in Lombardy. There they found Count Lewis with a great many knights and men of note and worth; and by encouragements and prayers prevailed on many to proceed to Venice who would otherwise have fared from other ports, and by other ways.

Nevertheless from Placentia many men of note proceeded by other ways to Apulia. Among them were Villain of Neuilly, who was one of the best knights in the world, Henry of Arzillières, Renaud of Dampierre, Henry of Longchamp, and Giles of Trasegnies, liegeman to Count Baldwin of Flanders and Hainault, who had given him, out of his own purse, five hundred *livres* to accompany him on this journey. With these went a great company of knights and sergeants, whose names are not recorded.

Thus was the host of those who went by Venice greatly weakened; and much evil befell them therefrom, as you shall shortly hear.

THE PILGRIMS LACK MONEY WHEREWITH TO PAY THE VENETIANS

Thus did Count Lewis and the other barons wend their way to Venice; and they were there received with feasting and joyfully, and took lodging in the Island of St. Nicholas with those who had come before. Goodly was the host, and right worthy were the men. Never did man see goodlier or worthier. And the Venetians held a market, rich and abundant, of all things needful for horses and men. And the fleet they had got ready was so goodly and fine that never did Christian man see one goodlier or finer; as well galleys

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as transports, and sufficient for at least three times as many men as were in the host.

Ah! the grievous harm and loss when those who should have come thither sailed instead from other ports! Right well, if they had kept their tryst, would Christendom have been exalted, and the land of the Turks abased! The Venetians had fulfilled all their undertakings, and above measure, and they now summoned the barons and counts to fulfil theirs and make payment, since they were ready to start.

The cost of each man's passage was now levied throughout the host; and there were people enough who said they could not pay for their passage, and the barons took from them such moneys as they had. So each man paid what he could. When the barons had thus claimed the cost of the passages, and when the payments had been collected, the moneys came to less than the sum due—yea, by more than one half.

Then the barons met together and said: "Lords, the Venetians have well fulfilled all their undertakings, and above measure. But we cannot fulfil ours in paying for our passages, seeing we are too few in number; and this is the fault of those who have journeyed by other ports. For God's sake therefore let each contribute all that he has, so that we may fulfil our covenant; for better is it that we should give all that we have, than lose what we have already paid, and prove false to our covenants; for if this host remains here, the rescue of the land oversea comes to naught."

Great was then the dissension among the main part of the barons and the other folk, and they said: "We have paid for our passages, and if they will take us, we shall go willingly; but if not, we shall inquire and look for other means of passage." And they spoke thus because they wished that the host should fall to pieces and each return to his own land. But the other party said, "Much rather would we give all that we have and go penniless with the host, than that the host should fall to pieces and fail; for God will doubtless repay us when it so pleases Him."

Then the Count of Flanders began to give all that he had and all that he could borrow, and so did Count Lewis, and the Marquis, and the Count of Saint-Paul, and those who were of their party. Then might you have seen many a fine vessel of gold and silver borne in payment to the palace of the Doge. And when all had been brought together, there

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was still wanting, of the sum required, 34,000 marks of silver. Then those who had kept back their possessions and not brought them into the common stock, were right glad, for they thought now surely the host must fail and go to pieces. But God, who advises those who have been ill-advised, would not so suffer it.

THE CRUSADERS OBTAIN A RESPITE BY PROMISING TO HELP THE VENETIANS AGAINST ZARA

Then the Doge spoke to his people, and said unto them: "Signors, these people cannot pay more; and in so far as they have paid at all, we have benefited by an agreement which they cannot now fulfil. But our right to keep this money would not everywhere be acknowledged; and if we so kept it we should be greatly blamed, both us and our land. Let us therefore offer them terms.

"The King of Hungary has taken from us Zara in Sclavonia, which is one of the strongest places in the world; and never shall we recover it with all the power that we possess, save with the help of these people. Let us therefore ask them to help us to reconquer it, and we will remit the payment of the debt of 34,000 marks of silver, until such time as it shall please God to allow us to gain the moneys by conquest, we and they together." Thus was agreement made. Much was it contested by those who wished that the host should be broken up. Nevertheless the agreement was accepted and ratified.

THE DOGE AND A NUMBER OF VENETIANS TAKE THE CROSS

Then, on a Sunday, was assemblage held in the Church of St. Mark. It was a very high festival, and the people of the land were there, and the most part of the barons and pilgrims.

Before the beginning of High Mass, the Doge of Venice, who bore the name of Henry Dandolo, went up into the reading-desk, and spoke to the people, and said to them: "Signors, you are associated with the most worthy people in the world, and for the highest enterprise ever undertaken; and I am a man old and feeble, who should have need of rest, and I am sick in body; but I see that no one could command

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and lead you like myself, who am your lord. If you will consent that I take the sign of the cross to guard and direct you, and that my son remain in my place to guard the land, then shall I go to live or die with you and with the pilgrims."

And when they had heard him, they cried with one voice: "We pray you by God that you consent, and do it, and that you come with us!"

Very great was then the pity and compassion on the part of the people of the land and of the pilgrims; and many were the tears shed, because that worthy and good man would have had so much reason to remain behind, for he was an old man, and albeit his eyes were unclouded, yet he saw naught, having lost his sight through a wound in the head. He was of a great heart. Ah! how little like him were those who had gone to other ports to escape the danger.

Thus he came down from the reading-desk, and went before the altar, and knelt upon his knees greatly weeping. And they sewed the cross on to a great cotton hat, which he wore, in front, because he wished that all men should see it. And the Venetians began to take the cross in great numbers, a great multitude, for up to that day very few had taken the cross. Our pilgrims had much joy in the cross that the Doge took, and were greatly moved, because of the wisdom and the valour that were in him.

Thus did the Doge take the cross, as you have heard. Then the Venetians began to deliver the ships, the galleys, and the transports to the barons, for departure; but so much time had already been spent since the appointed term, that September drew near (1202).

MESSAGE OF ALEXIUS, THE SON OF ISAAC, THE DETHRONED EMPEROR OF CONSTANTINOPLE — DEATH OF FULK OF NEUILLY — ARRIVAL OF THE GERMANS

Now give ear to one of the greatest marvels, and most wonderful adventures that you have ever heard tell of. At that time there was an emperor in Constantinople, whose name was Isaac, and he had a brother, Alexius by name, whom he had ransomed from captivity among the Turks. This Alexius took his brother the emperor, tore the eyes out of his head, and made himself emperor by the aforesaid

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treachery. He kept Isaac a long time in prison, together with a son whose name was Alexius. This son escaped from prison, and fled in a ship to a city on the sea, which is called Ancona. Thence he departed to go to King Philip of Germany, who had his sister for wife; and he came to Verona in Lombardy, and lodged in the town, and found there a number of pilgrims and other people who were on their way to join the host.

And those who had helped him to escape, and were with him, said: "Sire, here is an army in Venice, quite near to us, the best and most valiant people and knights that are in the world, and they are going oversea. Cry to them therefore for mercy, that they have pity on thee and on thy father, who have been so wrongfully dispossessed. And if they be willing to help thee, thou shalt be guided by them. Perchance they will take pity on thy estate." And Alexius said he would do this right willingly, and that the advice was good.

Thus he appointed envoys, and sent them to the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat, who was chief of the host, and to the other barons. And when the barons saw them, they marvelled greatly, and said to the envoys: "We understand right well what you tell us. We will send an envoy with the prince to King Philip, whither he is going. If the prince will help to recover the land oversea, we will help him to recover his own land, for we know that it has been wrested from him and from his father wrongfully." So were envoys sent into Germany, both to the heir of Constantinople and to King Philip of Germany.

Before this happened, of which I have just told you, there came news to the host which greatly saddened the barons and the other folk, viz., that Fulk, the good man, the holy man, who first preached the Crusade, had made an end and was dead.

And after this adventure, there came to the host a company of very good and worthy people from the empire of Germany, of whose arrival they of the host were full fain. There came the Bishop of Halberstadt, Count Bertrand of Katzenelenbogen, Garnier of Borland, Thierri of Loos, Henry of Orme, Thierri of Diest, Roger of Suitre, Alexander of Villers, Ulric of Tone, and many other good folk, whose names are not recorded in this book.

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THE CRUSADERS LEAVE VENICE TO BESIEGE ZARA

Then were the ships and transports apportioned by the barons. Ah, God! what fine war-horses were put therein. And when the ships were fulfilled with arms and provisions, and knights and sergeants, the shields were ranged round the bulwarks and castles of the ships, and the banners displayed, many and fair.

And be it known to you that the vessels carried more than three hundred petraries and mangonels, and all such engines as are needed for the taking of cities, in great plenty. Never did finer fleet sail from any port. And this was in the octave of the Feast of St. Remigius (October) in the year of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ twelve hundred and two. Thus did they sail from the port of Venice, as you have been told.

On the Eve of St. Martin (10th November) they came before Zara in Sclavonia, and beheld the city enclosed by high walls and high towers; and vainly would you have sought for a fairer city, or one of greater strength, or richer. And when the pilgrims saw it, they marvelled greatly, and said one to another, "How could such a city be taken by force, save by the help of God himself?"

The first ships that came before the city cast anchor, and waited for the others; and in the morning the day was very fine and very clear, and all the galleys came up with the transports, and the other ships which were behind; and they took the port by force, and broke the chain that defended it and was very strong and well-wrought; and they landed in such sort that the port was between them and the town. Then might you have seen many a knight and many a sergeant swarming out of the ships, and taking from the transports many a good war-horse, and many a rich tent and many a pavilion. Thus did the host encamp. And Zara was besieged on St. Martin's Day (11th November 1202).

At this time all the barons had not yet arrived. Thus the Marquis of Montferrat had remained behind for some business that detained him. And Stephen of the Perche had remained at Venice sick, and Matthew of Montmorency. When they were healed of their sickness Matthew of Montmorency came to rejoin the host at Zara; but Stephen of the Perche dealt less worthily, for he abandoned the host, and

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went to sojourn in Apulia. With him went Rotrou of Montfort and Ives of the Jaille, and many others, who were much blamed therein; and they journeyed to Syria in the following spring.[1]

THE INHABITANTS OF ZARA OFFER TO CAPITULATE, AND THEN DRAW BACK—ZARA IS TAKEN

On the day following the feast of St. Martin, certain of the people of Zara came forth, and spoke to the Doge of Venice, who was in his pavilion, and said to him that they would yield up the city and all their goods—their lives being spared—to his mercy. And the Doge replied that he would not accept these conditions, nor any conditions, save by consent of the counts and barons, with whom he would go and confer.

While he went to confer with the counts and barons, that party, of whom you have already heard, who wished to disperse the host, spoke to the envoys and said, "Why should you surrender your city? The pilgrims will not attack you —have no care of them. If you can defend yourselves against the Venetians, you will be safe enough." And they chose one of themselves, whose name was Robert of Boves, who went to the walls of the city, and spoke the same words. Therefore the envoys returned to the city, and the negotiations were broken off.

The Doge of Venice, when he came to the counts and barons, said to them: "Signors, the people who are therein desire to yield the city to my mercy, on condition only that their lives are spared. But I will enter into no agreement with them—neither this nor any other—save with your consent." And the barons answered: "Sire, we advise you to accept these conditions, and we even beg of you so to do." He said he would do so; and they all returned together to the pavilion of the Doge to make the agreement, and found that the envoys had gone away by the advice of those who wished to disperse the host.

Then rose the abbot of Vaux, of the order of the Cistercians, and said to them: "Lords, I forbid you, on the part of the Pope of Rome, to attack this city; for those within it

[1] Literally, "in the passage of March," *i.e.* among the pilgrims who periodically started for the Holy Land in March.

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are Christians, and you are pilgrims." When the Doge heard this, he was very wroth, and much disturbed, and he said to the counts and barons: "Signors, I had this city, by their own agreement, at my mercy, and your people have broken that agreement; you have covenanted to help me to conquer it, and I summon you to do so."

Whereon the counts and barons all spoke at once, together with those who were of their party, and said: "Great is the outrage of those who have caused this agreement to be broken, and never a day has passed that they have not tried to break up the host. Now are we shamed if we do not help to take the city." And they came to the Doge, and said: "Sire, we will help you to take the city in despite of those who would let and hinder us."

Thus was the decision taken. The next morning the host encamped before the gates of the city, and set up their petraries and mangonels, and other engines of war, which they had in plenty, and on the side of the sea they raised ladders from the ships. Then they began to throw stones at the walls of the city and at the towers. So did the assault last ~~for about five days~~. Then were the sappers set to mine one of the towers, and began to sap the wall. When those within the city saw this, they proposed an agreement, such as they had before refused by the advice of those who wished to break up the host.

THE CRUSADERS ESTABLISH THEMSELVES IN THE CITY—AFFRAY BETWEEN THE VENETIANS AND THE FRANKS

Thus did the city surrender to the mercy of the Doge, on condition only that all lives should be spared. Then came the Doge to the counts and barons, and said to them: "Signors, we have taken this city by the grace of God, and your own. It is now winter, and we cannot stir hence till Eastertide; for we should find no market in any other place; and this city is very rich, and well furnished with all supplies. Let us therefore divide it in the midst, and we will take one half, and you the other."

As he had spoken, so was it done. The Venetians took the part of the city towards the port, where were the ships, and the Franks took the other part. There were quarters

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assigned to each, according as was right and convenient. And the host raised the camp, and went to lodge in the city.

On the third day after they were all lodged, there befell a great misadventure in the host, at about the hour of vespers; for there began a fray, exceeding fell and fierce, between the Venetians and the Franks, and they ran to arms from all sides. And the fray was so fierce that there were but few streets in which battle did not rage with swords and lances and cross-bows and darts; and many people were killed and wounded.

But the Venetians could not abide the combat, and they began to suffer great losses. Then the men of mark, who did not want this evil to befall, came fully armed into the strife, and began to separate the combatants; and when they had separated them in one place, they began again in another. This lasted the better part of the night. Nevertheless with great labour and endurance at last they were separated. And be it known to you that this was the greatest misfortune that ever befell a host, and little did it lack that the host was not lost utterly. But God would not suffer it.

Great was the loss on either side. There was slain a high lord of Flanders, whose name was Giles of Landas: he was struck in the eye, and with that stroke he died in the fray; and many another of whom less was spoken. The Doge of Venice and the barons laboured much, during the whole of that week, to appease the fray, and they laboured so effectually that peace was made. God be thanked therefor.

ON WHAT CONDITIONS ALEXIUS PROPOSES TO OBTAIN THE HELP OF THE CRUSADERS FOR THE CONQUEST OF CONSTANTINOPLE

A fortnight after came to Zara the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat, who had not yet joined, and Matthew of Montmorency, and Peter of Bracieux, and many another man of note. And after another fortnight came also the envoys from Germany, sent by King Philip and the heir of Constantinople. Then the barons, and the Doge of Venice assembled in a palace where the Doge was lodged. And the envoys addressed them and said: "Lords, King Philip sends us to you, as does also the brother of the king's wife, the son of the Emperor of Constantinople.

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"'Lords,' says the king, 'I will send you the brother of my wife; and I commit him into the hands of God—may He keep him from death!—and into your hands. And because you have fared forth for God, and for right, and for justice, therefore you are bound, in so far as you are able, to restore to their own inheritance those who have been unrighteously despoiled. And my wife's brother will make with you the best terms ever offered to any people, and give you the most puissant help for the recovery of the land oversea.

"'And first, if God grant that you restore him to his inheritance, he will place the whole empire of Roumania in obedience to Rome, from which it has long been separated. Further, he knows that you have spent of your substance, and that you are poor, and he will give you 200,000 marks of silver, and food for all those of the host, both small and great. And he, of his own person, will go with you into the land of Babylon, or, if you hold that that will be better, send thither 10,000 men, at his own charges. And this service he will perform for one year. And all the days of his life he will maintain, at his own charges, five hundred knights in the land oversea, to guard that land.'"

"Lords, we have full power," said the envoys, "to conclude this agreement, if you are willing to conclude it on your parts. And be it known to you, that so favourable an agreement has never before been offered to any one; and that he that would refuse it can have but small desire of glory and conquest."

The barons and the Doge said they would talk this over; and a parliament was called for the morrow. When all were assembled, the matter was laid before them.

DISCORD AMONG THE CRUSADERS—OF THOSE WHO ACCEPT THE PROPOSALS OF THE YOUNG ALEXIUS

Then arose much debate. The abbot of Vaux, of the order of the Cistercians, spoke, and that party that wished for the dispersal of the host; and they said they would never consent: that it was not to fall on Christians that they had left their homes, and that they would go to Syria.

And the other party replied: "Fair lords, in Syria you will be able to do nothing; and that you may right well perceive by considering how those have fared who abandoned us, and

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sailed from other ports. And be it known to you that it is only by way of Babylon, or of Greece, that the land oversea can be recovered, if so be that it ever is recovered. And if we reject this covenant we shall be shamed to all time."

There was discord in the host, as you hear. Nor need you be surprised if there was discord among the laymen, for the white monks of the order of Cîteaux were also at issue among themselves in the host. The abbot of Loos, who was a holy man and a man of note, and other abbots who held with him, prayed and besought the people, for pity's sake, and the sake of God, to keep the host together, and agree to the proposed convention, in that "it afforded the best means by which the land oversea might be recovered;" while the abbot of Vaux, on the other hand, and those who held with him, preached full oft, and declared that all this was naught, and that the host ought to go to the land of Syria, and there do what they could.

Then came the Marquis of Montferrat, and Baldwin Count of Flanders and Hainault, and Count Lewis, and Count Hugh of St. Paul, and those who held with them, and they declared that they would enter into the proposed covenant, for that they should be shamed if they refused. So they went to the Doge's hostel, and the envoys were summoned, and the covenant, in such terms as you have already heard, was confirmed by oath, and by charters with seals appended.

And the book tells you that only twelve persons took the oaths on the side of the Franks, for more (of sufficient note) could not be found. Among the twelve were first the Marquis of Montferrat, the Count Baldwin of Flanders, the Count Lewis of Blois and of Chartres, and the Count of St. Paul, and eight others who held with them. Thus was the agreement made, and the charters prepared, and a term fixed for the arrival of the heir of Constantinople; and the term so fixed was the fifteenth day after the following Easter.

OF THOSE WHO SEPARATED THEMSELVES FROM THE HOST TO GO TO SYRIA, AND OF THE FLEET OF THE COUNT OF FLANDERS

Thus did the host sojourn at Zara all that winter (1202-1203) in the face of the King of Hungary. And be it known to you that the hearts of the people were not at peace, for

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the one party used all efforts to break up the host, and the other to make it hold together.

Many of the lesser folk escaped in the vessels of the merchants. In one ship escaped wellnigh five hundred, and they were all drowned, and so lost. Another company escaped by land, and thought to pass through Sclavonia; and the peasants of that land fell upon them, and killed many, so that the remainder came back flying to the host. Thus did the host go greatly dwindling day by day. At that time a great lord of the host, who was from Germany, Garnier of Borlande by name, so wrought that he escaped in a merchant vessel, and abandoned the host, whereby he incurred great blame.

Not long afterwards, a great baron of France, Renaud of Montmirail by name, besought so earnestly, with the countenance of Count Lewis, that he was sent to Syria on an embassage in one of the vessels of the fleet; and he swore with his right hand on holy relics, he and all the knights who went with him, that within fifteen days after they had arrived in Syria, and delivered their message, they would return to the host. On this condition he left the host, and with him Hervée of the Chastel, his nephew, William the *vidame* of Chartres, Geoffry of Beaumont, John of Frouville, Peter his brother, and many others. And the oaths that they swore were not kept; for they did not rejoin the host.

Then came to the host news that was heard right willingly, viz., that the fleet from Flanders, of which mention has been made above, had arrived at Marseilles. And John of Nêle, Castellan of Bruges, who was captain of that host, and Thierri, who was the son of Count Philip of Flanders, and Nicholas of Mailly, advised the Count of Flanders, their lord, that they would winter at Marseilles, and asked him to let them know what was his will, and said that whatever was his will, that they would do. And he told them, by the advice of the Doge of Venice and the other barons, that they should sail at the end of the following March, and come to meet him at the port of Moton in Roumania. Alas! they acted very evilly, for never did they keep their word, but went to Syria, where, as they well knew, they would achieve nothing.

Now be it known to you, lords, that if God had not loved the host, it could never have held together, seeing how many people wished evil to it!

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THE CRUSADERS OBTAIN THE POPE'S ABSOLUTION FOR THE CAPTURE OF ZARA

Then the barons spoke together and said that they would send to Rome, to the Pope, because he had taken the capture of Zara in evil part. And they chose as envoys such as they knew were fitted for this office, two knights, and two clerks. Of the two clerks one was Nevelon, Bishop of Soissons, and the other Master John of Noyon, who was chancellor to Count Baldwin of Flanders; and of the knights one was John of Friaize, the other Robert of Boves. These swore on holy relics that they would perform their embassage loyally and in good faith, and that they would come back to the host.

Three kept their oath right well, and the fourth evilly, and this one was Robert of Boves. For he executed his office as badly as he could, and perjured himself, and went away to Syria as others had done. But the remaining three executed their office right well, and delivered their message as the barons had directed, and said to the Pope: "The barons cry mercy to you for the capture of Zara, for they acted as people who could do no better, owing to the default of those who had gone to other ports, and because, had they not acted as they did, they could not have held the host together. And as to this they refer themselves to you, as to their good Father, that you should tell them what are your commands, which they are ready to perform."

And the Pope said to the envoys that he knew full well that it was through the default of others that the host had been impelled to do this great mischief, and that he had them in great pity. And then he notified to the barons and pilgrims that he sent them his blessing, and absolved them as his sons, and commanded and besought them to hold the host together, inasmuch as he well knew that without that host God's service could not be done. And he gave full powers to Nevelon, Bishop of Soissons, and Master John of Noyon, to bind and to unloose the pilgrims until the cardinal joined the host.

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DEPARTURE OF THE CRUSADERS FOR CORFU—ARRIVAL OF THE YOUNG ALEXIUS—CAPTURE OF DURAS

So much time had passed, that it was now Lent, and the host prepared their fleet to sail at Easter. When the ships were laden on the day after Easter (7th April 1203), the pilgrims encamped by the port, and the Venetians destroyed the city, and the walls and the towers.

Then there befell an adventure which weighed heavily upon the host; for one of the great barons of the host, by name Simon of Montfort, had made private covenant with the King of Hungary, who was at enmity with those of the host, and went to him, abandoning the host. With him went Guy of Montfort his brother, Simon of Nauphle and Robert Mauvoisin, and Dreux of Cressonacq, and the abbot of Vaux, who was a monk of the order of the Cistercians, and many others. And not long after another great lord of the host, called Enguerrand of Boves, joined the King of Hungary, together with Hugh, Enguerrand's brother, and such of the other people of their country as they could lead away.

These left the host, as you have just heard; and this was a great misfortune to the host, and to such as left it a great disgrace.

Then the ships and transports began to depart; and it was settled that they should take port at Corfu, an island of Roumania, and that the first to arrive should wait for the last; and so it was done.

Before the Doge, the Marquis, and the galleys left Zara, Alexius, the son of the Emperor Isaac of Constantinople, had arrived thither. He was sent by the King Philip of Germany, and received with great joy and great honour; and the Doge gave him as many galleys and ships as he required. So they left the port of Zara, and had a fair wind, and sailed onwards till they took port at Duras. And those of the land, when they saw their lord, yielded up the city right willingly and sware fealty to him.

And they departed thence and came to Corfu, and found there the host encamped before the city; and those of the host had spread their tents and pavilions, and taken the horses out of the transports for ease and refreshment. When they heard that the son of the Emperor of Constantinople

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had arrived in the port, then might you have seen many a good knight and many a good sergeant leading many a good war-horse and going to meet him. Thus they received him with very great joy, and much high honour. And he had his tent pitched in the midst of the host; and quite near was pitched the tent of the Marquis of Montferrat, to whose ward he had been commended by King Philip, who had his sister to wife.

HOW THE CHIEFS OF THE CRUSADERS HELD BACK THOSE WHO WANTED TO ABANDON THE HOST

The host sojourned thus for three weeks in that island, which was very rich and plenteous. And while they sojourned, there happened a misadventure fell and grievous. For a great part of those who wished to break up the host, and had aforetime been hostile to it, spoke together and said that the adventure to be undertaken seemed very long and very perilous, and that they, for their part, would remain in the island, suffering the host to depart, and that—when the host had so departed—they would, through the people of Corfu, send to Count Walter of Brienne, who then held Brandis, so that he might send ships to take them thither.

I cannot tell you the names of all those who wrought in this matter, but I will name some among the most notable of the chiefs, viz., Odo of Champlitte, of Champagne, James of Avesnes, Peter of Amiens, Guy the Castellan of Coucy, Oger of Saint-Chéron, Guy of Chappes and Clerembeau his nephew, William of Aunoi, Peter Coiseau, Guy of Pesmes and Edmund his brother, Guy of Conflans, Richard of Dampierre, Odo his brother, and many more who had promised privily to be of their party, but who dared not for shame openly so to avow themselves; in such sort that the book testifies that more than half the host were in this mind.

And when the Marquis of Montferrat heard thereof, and Count Baldwin of Flanders, and Count Lewis, and the Count of St. Paul, and the barons who held with them, they were greatly troubled, and said: "Lords, we are in evil case. If these people depart from us, after so many who have departed from us aforetime, our host is doomed, and we shall make no conquests. Let us then go to them, and fall at their feet, and cry to them for mercy, and for God's sake to have compas-

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sion upon themselves and upon us, and not to dishonour themselves, and ravish from us the deliverance of the land oversea."

Thus did the council decide; and they went, all together, to a valley where those of the other part were holding their parliament; and they took with them the son of the Emperor of Constantinople, and all the bishops and all the abbots of the host. And when they had come to the place they dismounted and went forward, and the barons fell at the feet of those of the other part, greatly weeping, and said they would not stir till those of the other part had promised not to depart from them.

And when those of the other part saw this, they were filled with very great compassion; and they wept very bitterly at seeing their lords, and their kinsmen, and their friends, thus lying at their feet. So they said they would consult together, and drew somewhat apart, and there communed. And the sum of their communing was this: that they would remain with the host till Michaelmas, on condition that the other part would swear, loyally, on holy relics, that from that day and thenceforward, at whatever hour they might be summoned to do so, they would in all good faith, and without guile, within fifteen days, furnish ships wherein the non-contents might betake themselves to Syria.

Thus was covenant made and sworn to; and then was there great joy throughout all the host. And all gat themselves to the ships, and the horses were put into the transports.

DEPARTURE FROM CORFU—CAPTURE OF ANDROS AND ABYDOS

Then did they sail from the port of Corfu on the eve of Pentecost (24th May), which was twelve hundred and three years after the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. And there were all the ships assembled, and all the transports, and all the galleys of the host, and many other ships of merchants that fared with them. And the day was fine and clear, and the wind soft and favourable, and they unfurled all their sails to the breeze.

And Geoffry, the Marshal of Champagne, who dictates this work, and has never lied therein by one word to his know-

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ledge, and who was moreover present at all the councils held —he bears witness that never was yet seen so fair a sight. And well might it appear that such a fleet would conquer and gain lands, for, far as the eye could reach, there was no space without sails, and ships, and vessels, so that the hearts of men rejoiced greatly.

Thus they sailed over the sea till they came to Malea, to straits that are by the sea. And there they met two ships with pilgrims, and knights and sergeants returning from Syria, and they were of the parties that had gone to Syria by Marseilles. And when these saw our fleet so rich and well-appointed, they conceived such shame that they dared not show themselves. And Count Baldwin of Flanders sent a boat from his ship to ask what people they were; and they said who they were.

And a sergeant let himself down from his ship into the boat, and said to those in the ship, "I cry quits to you for any goods of mine that may remain in the ship, for I am going with these people, for well I deem that they will conquer lands." Much did we make of the sergeant, and gladly was he received in the host. For well may it be said, that even after following a thousand crooked ways a man may find his way right in the end.

The host fared forward till it came to Nigra (Negropont). Nigra is a very fair island, and there is on it a very good city called Negropont. Here the barons took council. Then went forward the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat, and Count Baldwin of Flanders and Hainault, with a great part of the transports and galleys, taking with them the son of the Emperor Isaac of Constantinople; and they came to an island called Andros, and there landed. The knights took their arms, and over-rode the country; and the people of the land came to crave mercy of the son of the Emperor of Constantinople, and gave so much of their goods that they made peace with him.

Then they returned to the ships, and sailed over the sea; when a great mishap befell, for a great lord of the host, whose name was Guy, Castellan of Coucy, died, and was cast into the sea.

The other ships, which had not sailed thitherward, had entered the passage of Abydos, and it is there that the straits of St. George (the Dardanelles) open into the great

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sea. And they sailed up the straits to a city called Abydos which lies on the straits of St. George, towards Turkey, and is very fair, and well situate. There they took port and landed, and those of the city came to meet them, and surrendered the city, as men without stomach to defend themselves. And such guard was established that those of the city lost not one stiver current.

They sojourned there eight days to wait for the ships transports and galleys that had not yet come up. And while they thus sojourned, they took corn from the land, for it was the season of harvest, and great was their need thereof, for before they had but little. And within those eight days all the ships and barons had come up. God gave them fair weather.

ARRIVAL AT ST. STEPHEN—DELIBERATION AS TO PLAN OF ATTACK

All started from the port of Abydos together. Then might you have seen the Straits of St. George (as it were) in flower with ships and galleys sailing upwards, and the beauty thereof was a great marvel to behold. Thus they sailed up the Straits of St. George till they came, on St. John the Baptist's Eve, in June (23rd June 1203) to St. Stephen, an abbey that lay three leagues from Constantinople. There had those on board the ships and galleys and transports full sight of Constantinople; and they took port and anchored their vessels.

Now you may know that those who had never before seen Constantinople looked upon it very earnestly, for they never thought ~~there could be in all the world so rich a city~~; and they marked the high walls and strong towers that enclosed it round about, and the rich palaces, and mighty churches—of which there were so many that no one would have believed it who had not seen it with his eyes—and the height and the length of that city which above all others was sovereign. And be it known to you, that no man there was of such hardihood but his flesh trembled; and it was no wonder, for never was so great an enterprise undertaken by any people since the creation of the world.

Then landed the counts and barons and the Doge of Venice, and a parliament was held in the church of St.

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Stephen. There were many opinions set forth, this way and that. All the words then spoken shall not be recorded in this book; but in the end the Doge rose on his feet and said: "Signors, I know the state of this land better than you do, for I have been here erewhile. We have undertaken the greatest enterprise, and the most perilous, that ever people have undertaken. Therefore it behoves us to go to work warily. Be it known to you that if we go on dry ground, the land is great and large, and our people are poor and ill-provided. Thus they will disperse to look for food; and the people of the land are in great multitude, and we cannot keep such good watch but that some of ours will be lost. Nor are we in case to lose any, for our people are but few indeed for the work in hand.

"Now there are islands close by which you can see from here, and these are inhabited, and produce corn, and food, and other things. Let us take port there, and gather the corn and provisions of the land. And when we have collected our supplies, let us go before the city, and do as our Lord shall provide. For he that has supplies, wages war with more certainty than he that has none." To this counsel the lords and barons agreed, and all went back to their ships and vessels.

THE CRUSADERS LAND AT CHALCEDON AND SCUTARI

They rested thus that night. And in the morning, on the day of the feast of our Lord St. John the Baptist in June (24th June 1203), the banners and pennants were flown on the castles of the ships, and the coverings taken from the shields, and the bulwarks of the ships garnished. Every one looked to his arms, such as he should use, for well each man knew that full soon he would have need of them.

The sailors weighed the anchors, and spread the sails to the wind, and God gave them a good wind, such as was convenient to them. Thus they passed before Constantinople, and so near to the walls and towers that we shot at many of their vessels. There were so many people on the walls and towers that it seemed as if there could be no more people (in the world).

Then did God our Lord set to naught the counsel of the day before, and keep us from sailing to the islands: that counsel

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fell to naught as if none had ever heard thereof. For lo, our ships made for the mainland as straight as ever they could, and took port before a palace of the Emperor Alexius, at a place called Chalcedon. This was in face of Constantinople, on the other side of the straits, towards Turkey. The palace was one of the most beautiful and delectable that ever eyes could see, with every delight therein that the heart of man could desire, and convenient for the house of a prince.

The counts and barons landed and lodged themselves in the palace; and in the city round about, the main part pitched their tents. Then were the horses taken out of the transports, and the knights and sergeants got to land with all their arms, so that none remained in the ships save the mariners only. The country was fair, and rich, and well supplied with all good things, and the sheaves of corn (which had been reaped) were in the fields, so that all—and they stood in no small need—might take thereof.

They sojourned thus in that palace the following day; and on the third day God gave them a good wind, and the mariners raised their anchors, and spread their sails to the wind. They went thus up the straits, a good league above Constantinople, to a palace that belonged to the Emperor Alexius, and was called Scutari. There the ships anchored, and the transports, and all the galleys. The horsemen who had lodged in the palace of Chalcedon went along the shore by land.

The host of the French encamped thus on the straits of St. George, at Scutari, and above it. And when the Emperor Alexius saw this, he caused his host to issue from Constantinople, and encamp over against us on the other side of the straits, and there pitched his tents, so that we might not take land against him by force. The host of the French sojourned thus for nine days, and those obtained supplies who needed them, and that was every one in the host.

THE FORAGERS DEFEAT THE GREEKS

During this time, a company of good and trustworthy men issued (from the camp) to guard the host, for fear it should be attacked, and the foragers searched the country. In the said company were Odo of Champlitte, of Champagne, and William his brother, and Oger of Saint-Chéron, and

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Manasses of l'Isle, and Count Girard, a count of Lombardy, a retainer of the Marquis of Montferrat; and they had with them at least eighty knights who were good men and true.

And they espied, at the foot of a mountain, some three leagues distant from the host, certain tents belonging to the Grand Duke of the Emperor of Constantinople, who had with him at least five hundred Greek knights. When our people saw them, they formed their men into four battalions, and decided to attack. And when the Greeks saw this, they formed their battalions, and arrayed themselves in rank before their tents, and waited. And our people went forward and fell upon them right vigorously.

By the help of God our Lord, this fight lasted but a little while, and the Greeks turned their backs. They were discomfited at the first onset, and our people pursued them for a full great league. There they won plenty of horses and stallions, and palfreys, and mules, and tents and pavilions, and such spoil as is usual in such case. So they returned to the host, where they were right well received, and their spoils were divided, as was fit.

MESSAGE OF THE EMPEROR ALEXIUS—REPLY OF THE CRUSADERS

The next day after, the Emperor Alexius sent an envoy with letters to the counts and to the barons. This envoy was called Nicholas Roux, and he was a native of Lombardy. He found the barons in the rich palace of Scutari, where they were holding council, and he saluted them on the part of the Emperor Alexius of Constantinople, and tendered his letters to the Marquis of Montferrat—who received them. And the letters were read before all the barons; and there were in them words, written after various manners, which the book does not (here) relate, and at the end of the other words so written, came words of credit, accrediting the bearer of the letters, whose name was Nicholas Roux.

"Fair sir," said the barons, "we have seen your letters, and they tell us that we are to give credit to what you say, and we credit you right well. Now speak as it pleases you."

And the envoy was standing before the barons, and spoke thus: "Lords," said he, "the Emperor Alexius would have you know that he is well aware that you are the best people

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uncrowned, and come from the best land on earth. And he marvels much why, and for what purpose, you have come into his land and kingdom. For you are Christians, and he is a Christian, and well he knows that you are on your way to deliver the Holy Land oversea, and the Holy Cross, and the Sepulchre. If you are poor and in want, he will right willingly give you of his food and substance, provided you depart out of his land. Neither would he otherwise wish to do you any hurt, though he has full power therein, seeing that if you were twenty times as numerous as you are, you would not be able to get away without utter discomfiture if so be that he wished to harm you."

By agreement and desire of the other barons, and of the Doge of Venice, then rose to his feet Conon of Béthune, who was a good knight, and wise, and very eloquent, and he replied to the envoy: "Fair sir, you have told us that your lord marvels much why our signors and barons should have entered into his kingdom and land. Into his land they have not entered, for he holds this land wrongfully and wickedly, and against God and against reason. It belongs to his nephew, who sits upon a throne among us, and is the son of his brother, the Emperor Isaac. But if he is willing to throw himself on the mercy of his nephew, and to give him back his crown and empire, then we will pray his nephew to forgive him, and bestow upon him as much as will enable him to live wealthily. And if you come not as the bearer of such a message, then be not so bold as to come here again." So the envoy departed and went back to Constantinople, to the Emperor Alexius.

THE CRUSADERS SHOW THE YOUNG ALEXIUS TO THE PEOPLE OF CONSTANTINOPLE, AND PREPARE FOR THE BATTLE

The barons consulted together on the morrow, and said that they would show the young Alexius, the son of the Emperor of Constantinople, to the people of the city. So they assembled all the galleys. The Doge of Venice and the Marquis of Montferrat entered into one, and took with them Alexius, the son of the Emperor Isaac; and into the other galleys entered the knights and barons, as many as would.

They went thus quite close to the walls of Constantinople and showed the youth to the people of the Greeks, and said,

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"Behold your natural lord; and be it known to you that we have not come to do you harm, but have come to guard and defend you, if so be that you return to your duty. For he whom you now obey as your lord holds rule by wrong and wickedness, against God and reason. And you know full well that he has dealt treasonably with him who is your lord and his brother, that he has blinded his eyes and reft from him his empire by wrong and wickedness. Now behold the rightful heir. If you hold with him, you will be doing as you ought; and if not we will do to you the very worst that we can." But for fear and terror of the Emperor Alexius, not one person on the land or in the city made show as if he held for the prince. So all went back to the host, and each sought his quarters.

On the morrow, when they had heard mass, they assembled in parliament, and the parliament was held on horseback in the midst of the fields. There might you have seen many a fine war-horse, and many a good knight thereon. And the council was held to discuss the order of the battalions, how many they should have, and of what strength. Many were the words said on one side and the other. But in the end it was settled that the advanced guard should be given to Baldwin of Flanders, because he had a very great number of good men, and archers and crossbowmen, more than any other chief that was in the host.

And after, it was settled that Henry his brother, and Matthew of Walincourt, and Baldwin of Beauvoir, and many other good knights of their land and country, should form the second division.

The third division was formed by Count Hugh of St. Paul, Peter of Amiens his nephew, Eustace of Canteleu, Anselm of Cayeux, and many good knights of their land and country.

The fourth division was formed by Count Lewis of Blois and Chartres, and was very numerous and rich and redoubtable; for he had placed therein a great number of good knights and men of worth.

The fifth division was formed by Matthew of Montmorency and the men of Champagne. Geoffry the Marshal of Champagne formed part of it, and Oger of Saint-Chéron, Manasses of l'Isle, Miles the Brebant, Macaire of Sainte-Menehould, John Foisnons, Guy of Chappes, Clerembaud his nephew, Robert of Ronsoi: all these people formed part of the fifth

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division. Be it known to you that there was many a good knight therein.

The sixth division was formed by the people of Burgundy. In this division were Odo the Champenois of Champlitte, William his brother, Guy of Pesmes, Edmond his brother, Otho of la Roche, Richard of Dampierre, Odo his brother, Guy of Conflans, and the people of their land and country.

The seventh division, which was very large, was under the command of the Marquis of Montferrat. In it were the Lombards and Tuscans and the Germans, and all the people who were from beyond Mont Cenis to Lyons on the Rhone. All these formed part of the division under the marquis, and it was settled that they should form the rearguard.

THE CRUSADERS SEIZE THE PORT

The day was fixed on which the host should embark on the ships and transports to take the land by force, and either live or die. And be it known to you that the enterprise to be achieved was one of the most redoubtable ever attempted. Then did the bishops and clergy speak to the people, and tell them how they must confess, and make each one his testament, seeing that no one knew what might be the will of God concerning him. And this was done right willingly throughout the host, and very piously.

The term fixed was now come; and the knights went on board the transports with their war-horses; and they were fully armed, with their helmets laced, and the horses covered with their housings, and saddled. All the other folk, who were of less consequence in battle, were on the great ships; and the galleys were fully armed and made ready.

The morning was fair a little after the rising of the sun; and the Emperor Alexius stood waiting for them on the other side, with great forces, and everything in order. And the trumpets sound, and every galley takes a transport in tow, so as to reach the other side more readily. None ask who shall go first, but each makes the land as soon as he can. The knights issue from the transports, and leap into the sea up to their waists, fully armed, with helmets laced, and lances in hand; and the good archers, and the good sergeants, and the good crossbowmen, each in his company, land so soon as they touch ground.

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The Greeks made a goodly show of resistance; but when it came to the lowering of the lances, they turned their backs, and went away flying, and abandoned the shore. And be it known to you that never was port more proudly taken. Then began the mariners to open the ports of the transports, and let down the bridges, and take out the horses; and the knights began to mount, and they began to marshal the divisions of the host in due order.

CAPTURE OF THE TOWER OF GALATA

Count Baldwin of Flanders and Hainault, with the advanced guard, rode forward, and the other divisions of the host after him, each in due order of march; and they came to where the Emperor Alexius had been encamped. But he had turned back towards Constantinople, and left his tents and pavilions standing. And there our people had much spoil.

Our barons were minded to encamp by the port before the tower of Galata, where the chain was fixed that closed the port of Constantinople. And be it known to you, that any one must perforce pass that chain before he could enter into the port. Well did our barons then perceive that if they did not take the tower, and break the chain, they were but as dead men, and in very evil case. So they lodged that night before the tower, and in the Jewry that is called Stenon, where there was a good city, and very rich.

Well did they keep guard during the night; and on the morrow, at the hour of tierce, those who were in the tower of Galata made a sortie, and those who were in Constantinople came to their help in barges; and our people ran to arms. There came first to the onset James of Avesnes and his men on foot; and be it known to you that he was fiercely charged, and wounded by a lance in the face, and in peril of death. And one of his knights, whose name was Nicholas of Jenlain, gat to horse, and came to his lord's rescue, and succoured him right well, and so won great honour.

Then a cry was raised in the host, and our people ran together from all sides, and drove back the foe with great fury, so that many were slain and taken. And some of them did not go back to the tower, but ran to the barges by which they had come, and there many were drowned, and some escaped.

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As to those who went back to the tower, the men of our host pressed them so hard that they could not shut the gate. Then a terrible fight began again at the gate, and our people took it by force, and made prisoners of all those in the tower. Many were there killed and taken.

ATTACK ON THE CITY BY LAND AND SEA

So was the tower of Galata taken, and the port of Constantinople won by force. Much were those of the host comforted thereby, and much did they praise the Lord God; and greatly were those of the city discomforted. And on the next day, the ships, the vessels, the galleys and the transports were drawn into the port.

Then did those of the host take council together to settle what thing they should do, and whether they should attack the city by sea or by land. The Venetians were firmly minded that the scaling ladders ought to be planted on the ships, and all the attack made from the side by the sea. The French, on the other hand, said that they did not know so well how to help themselves on sea as on land, but that when they had their horses and their arms they could help themselves on land right well. So in the end it was devised that the Venetians should attack by sea, and the barons and those of the host by land.

They sojourned thus for four days. On the fifth day, the whole host were armed, and the divisions advanced on horseback, each in the order appointed, along the harbour, till they came to the palace of Blachernæ; and the ships drew inside the harbour till they came over against the self-same place, and this was near to the end of the harbour. And there is at that place a river that flows into the sea, and can only be passed by a bridge of stone. The Greeks had broken down the bridge, and the barons caused the host to labour all that day and all that night in repairing the bridge. Thus was the bridge repaired, and in the morning the divisions were armed, and rode one after the other in the order appointed, and came before the city. And no one came out from the city against them; and this was a great marvel, seeing that for every man that was in the host there were over two hundred men in the city.

Then did the barons decide that they should quarter them-

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selves between the palace of Blachernæ and the castle of Boemond, which was an abbey enclosed with walls. So the tents and pavilions were pitched—which was a right proud thing to look upon; for of Constantinople, which had three leagues of front towards the land, the whole host could attack no more than one of the gates. And the Venetians lay on the sea, in ships and vessels, and raised their ladders, and mangonels, and petraries, and made order for their assault right well. And the barons for their part made ready their petraries and mangonels on land.

And be it known to you that they did not have their time in peace and quiet; for there passed no hour of the night or day but one of the divisions had to stand armed before the gate, to guard the engines, and provide against attack. And, notwithstanding all this, the Greeks ceased not to attack them, by this gate and by others, and held them so short that six or seven times a day the whole host was forced to run to arms. Nor could they forage for provisions more than four bow-shots' distance from the camp. And their stores were but scanty, save of flour and bacon, and of those they had a little; and of fresh meat none at all, save what they got from the horses that were killed. And be it known to you that there was only food generally in the host for three weeks. Thus were they in very perilous case, for never did so few people besiege so many people in any city.

FIRST INCIDENTS OF THE ASSAULT

Then did they bethink themselves of a very good device; for they enclosed the whole camp with good lists, and good palisades, and good barriers, and were thus far stronger and much more secure. The Greeks meanwhile came on to the attack so frequently that they gave them no rest, and those of the host drove them back with great force; and every time that the Greeks issued forth they lost heavily.

One day the Burgundians were on guard, and the Greeks made an attack upon them, with part of the best forces that they had. And the Burgundians ran upon the Greeks and drove them in very fiercely, and followed so close to the gate that stones of great weight were hurled upon them. There was taken one of the best Greeks of the city, whose name was Constantine Lascaris; William of Neuilly took him all

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mounted upon his horse. And there did William of Champlitte have his arm broken with a stone, and great pity it was, for he was very brave and very valiant.

I cannot tell you of all the good strokes that were there stricken, nor of all the wounded, nor all the dead. But before the fight was over, there came into it a knight of the following of Henry, the brother of Count Baldwin of Flanders and Hainault, and his name was Eustace of the Marchais; and he was armed only in padded vest and steel cap, with his shield at his neck; and he did so well in the fray that he won to himself great honour. Few were the days on which no sorties were made; but I cannot tell you of them all. So hardly did they hold us, that we could not sleep, nor rest, nor eat, save in arms.

Yet another sortie was made from a gate further up; and there again did the Greeks lose heavily. And there a knight was slain, whose name was William of the Gi; and there Matthew of Walincourt did right well, and lost his horse, which was killed at the drawbridge of the gate; and many others who were in that fight did right well. From this gate, which was beyond the palace of Blachernæ, the Greeks issued most frequently, and there Peter of Bracieux gat himself more honour than any, because he was quartered the nearest, and so came most often into the fray.

ASSAULT OF THE CITY

Thus their peril and toil lasted for nearly ten days, until, on a Thursday morning (17th July 1203) all things were ready for the assault, and the ladders in trim; the Venetians also had made them ready by sea. The order of the assault was so devised, that of the seven divisions, three were to guard the camp outside the city, and other four to give the assault. The Marquis Boniface of Montferrat guarded the camp towards the fields, with the division of the Burgundians, the division of the men of Champagne, and Matthew of Montmorency. Count Baldwin of Flanders and Hainault went to the assault with his people, and Henry his brother; and Count Lewis of Blois and Chartres, and Count Hugh of St. Paul, and those who held with them, went also to the assault.

They planted two ladders at a barbican near the sea; and the wall was well defended by Englishmen and Danes; and

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the attack was stiff and good and fierce. By main strength certain knights and two sergeants got up the ladders and made themselves masters of the wall; and at least fifteen got upon the wall, and fought there, hand to hand, with axes and swords, and those within redoubled their efforts, and cast them out in very ugly sort, keeping two as prisoners. And those of our people who had been taken were led before the Emperor Alexius; much was he pleased thereat. Thus did the assault leave matters on the side of the French. Many were wounded and many had their bones broken, so that the barons were very wroth.

Meanwhile the Doge of Venice had not forgotten to do his part, but had ranged his ships and transports and vessels in line, and that line was well three crossbow-shots in length; and the Venetians began to draw near to the part of the shore that lay under the walls and the towers. Then might you have seen the mangonels shooting from the ships and transports, and the crossbow bolts flying, and the bows letting fly their arrows deftly and well; and those within defending the walls and towers very fiercely; and the ladders on the ships coming so near that in many places swords and lances crossed; and the tumult and noise were so great that it seemed as if the very earth and sea were melting together. And be it known to you that the galleys did not dare to come to the shore.

CAPTURE OF TWENTY-FIVE TOWERS

Now may you hear of a strange deed of prowess; for the Doge of Venice, who was an old man, and saw naught (seeing he was blind), stood, fully armed, on the prow of his galley, and had the standard of St. Mark before him; and he cried to his people to put him on land, or else that he would do justice upon their bodies with his hands. And so they did, for the galley was run aground, and they leapt therefrom, and bore the standard of St. Mark before him on to the land.

And when the Venetians saw the standard of St. Mark on land, and the galley of their lord touching ground before them, each held himself for shamed, and they all gat to the land; and those in the transports leapt forth, and landed; and those in the big ships got into barges, and made for the shore, each and all as best they could. Then might you have

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seen an assault, great and marvellous; and to this bears witness Geoffry of Villehardouin, who makes this book, that more than forty people told him for sooth that they saw the standard of St. Mark of Venice at the top of one of the towers, and that no man knew who bore it thither.

Now hear of a strange miracle: those who are within the city fly and abandon the walls, and the Venetians enter in, each as fast and as best he can, and seize twenty-five of the towers, and man them with their people. And the Doge takes a boat, and sends messengers to the barons of the host to tell them that he has taken twenty-five towers, and that they may know for sooth that such towers cannot be retaken. The barons are so overjoyed that they cannot believe their ears; and the Venetians begin to send to the host in boats the horses and palfreys they have taken.

When the Emperor Alexius saw that our people had thus entered into the city, he sent his people against them in such numbers that our people saw they would be unable to endure the onset. So they set fire to the buildings between them and the Greeks; and the wind blew from our side, and the fire began to wax so great that the Greeks could not see our people, who retired to the towers they had seized and conquered.

THE EMPEROR ALEXIUS COMES OUT FOR BATTLE, BUT RETIRES WITHOUT ATTACKING

Then the Emperor Alexius issued from the city, with all his forces, by other gates which were at least a league from the camp; and so many began to issue forth that it seemed as if the whole world were there assembled. The emperor marshalled his troops in the plain, and they rode towards the camp; and when our Frenchmen saw them coming, they ran to arms from all sides. On that day Henry, the brother of Count Baldwin and Flanders, was mounting guard over the engines of war before the gate of Blachernæ, together with Matthew of Walincourt, and Baldwin of Beauvoir, and their followers. Against their encampment the Emperor Alexius had made ready a great number of his people, who were to issue by three gates, while he himself should fall upon the host from another side.

Then the six divisions issued from our camp as had been

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devised, and were marshalled in ranks before the palisades: the sergeants and squires on foot behind the horses, and the archers and crossbowmen in front. And there was a division of the knights on foot, for we had at least two hundred who were without horses. Thus they stood still before the palisades. And this showed great good sense, for if they had moved to the attack, the numbers of the enemy were such that they must have been overwhelmed and, (as it were,) drowned among them.

It seemed as if the whole plain was covered with troops, and they advanced slowly and in order. Well might we appear in perilous case, for we had but six divisions, while the Greeks had full forty, and there was not one of their divisions but was larger than any of ours. But ours were ordered in such sort that none could attack them save in front. And the Emperor Alexius rode so far forward that either side could shoot at the other. And when the Doge of Venice heard this, he made his people come forth, and leave the towers they had taken, and said he would live or die with the pilgrims. So he came to the camp, and was himself the first to land, and brought with him such of his people as he could.

Thus, for a long space, the armies of the pilgrims and of the Greeks stood one against the other; for the Greeks did not dare to throw themselves upon our ranks, and our people would not move from their palisades. And when the Emperor Alexius saw this, he began to withdraw his people, and when he had rallied them, he turned back. And seeing this, the host of the pilgrims began to march towards him with slow steps, and the Greek troops began to move backwards, and retreated to a palace called Philopas.

And be it known to you, that never did God save any people from such peril as He saved the host that day; and be it known to you further that there was none in the host so hardy but he had great joy thereof. Thus did the battle remain for that day. As it pleased God nothing further was done. The Emperor Alexius returned to the city, and those of the host to their quarters—the latter taking off their armour, for they were weary and overwrought; and they ate and drank little, seeing that their store of food was but scanty.

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ALEXIUS ABANDONS CONSTANTINOPLE—HIS BROTHER ISAAC IS REPLACED ON THE THRONE—THE CRUSADERS SEND HIM A MESSAGE

Now listen to the miracles of our Lord—how gracious are they whithersoever it pleases Him to perform them! That very night the Emperor Alexius of Constantinople took of his treasure as much as he could carry, and took with him as many of his people as would go, and so fled and abandoned the city. And those of the city remained astonied, and they drew to the prison in which lay the Emperor Isaac, whose eyes had been put out. Him they clothed imperially, and bore to the great palace of Blachernæ, and seated on a high throne; and there they did to him obeisance as their lord. Then they took messengers, by the advice of the Emperor Isaac, and sent them to the host, to apprise the son of the Emperor Isaac, and the barons, that the Emperor Alexius had fled, and that they had again raised up the Emperor Isaac as emperor.

When the young man knew of this he summoned the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat, and the marquis summoned the barons throughout the host. And when they were met in the pavilion of the Emperor Isaac's son, he told them the news. And when they heard it, their joy was such as cannot be uttered, for never was greater joy in all this world. And greatly and most devoutly was our Lord praised by all, in that He had succoured them within so short a term, and exalted them so high from such a low estate. And therefore well may one say: "Him whom God will help can no man injure."

Then the day began to dawn, and the host to put on their armour; and all gat them to their arms throughout the host, because they did not greatly trust the Greeks. And messengers began to come out from the city, two or three together, and told the same tale. The barons and counts, and the Doge of Venice had agreed to send envoys into the city, to know how matters really stood; and, if that was true which had been reported, to demand of the father that he should ratify the covenants made by the son; and, if he would not, to declare that they on their part should not suffer the son to enter into the city. So envoys were chosen: one was

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Matthew of Montmorency, and Geoffry the Marshal of Champagne was the other, and two Venetians on the part of the Doge of Venice.

The envoys were conducted to the gate, and the gate was opened to them, and they dismounted from their horses. The Greeks had set Englishmen and Danes, with their axes, at the gate and right up to the palace of Blachernæ. Thus were the envoys conducted to the great palace. There they found the Emperor Isaac, so richly clad that you would seek in vain throughout the world for a man more richly apparelled than he, and by his side the empress, his wife, a most fair lady, the daughter of the King of Hungary; and of great men and great ladies there were so many, that you could not stir foot for the press, and the ladies were so richly adorned that richer adornment might not be. And all those who, the day before, had been against the emperor were, on that day, subject in everything to his good pleasure.

THE EMPEROR ISAAC RATIFIES THE COVENANTS ENTERED INTO BY HIS SON

The envoys came before the Emperor Isaac, and the emperor and all those about him did them great honour. And the envoys said that they desired to speak to him privily, on the part of his son, and of the barons of the host. And he rose and entered into a chamber, and took with him only the empress, and his chancellor, and his dragoman (interpreter) and the four envoys. By consent of the other envoys, Geoffry of Villehardouin, the Marshal of Champagne, acted as spokesman, and he said to the Emperor Isaac: "Sire, thou seest the service we have rendered to thy son, and how we have kept our covenants with him. But he cannot come hither till he has given us surety for the covenants he has made with us. And he asks of thee, as thy son, to confirm those covenants in the same form, and the same manner, that he has done." "What covenants are they?" said the emperor. "They are such as we shall tell you," replied the envoys: "In the first place to put the whole empire of Roumania in obedience to Rome, from which it has been separated this long while; further to give 200,000 marks of silver to those of the host, with food for one year for small and great; to send 10,000 men, horse and foot—as many on

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foot as we shall devise and as many mounted—in his own ships, and at his own charges, to the land of Babylon, and keep them there for a year; and during his lifetime to keep, at his own charges, five hundred knights in the land oversea, so that they may guard that land. Such is the covenant that your son made with us, and it was confirmed by oath, and charters with seals appended, and by King Philip of Germany who has your daughter to wife. This covenant we desire you to confirm."

"Certes," said the emperor, "this covenant is very onerous, and I do not see how effect can be given to it; nevertheless, you have done us such service, both to my son and to myself, that if we bestowed upon you the whole empire, you would have deserved it well." Many words were then spoken in this sense and that, but, in the end, the father confirmed the covenants, as his son had confirmed them, by oath and by charters with gold seals appended. These charters were delivered to the envoys. Then they took their leave of the Emperor Isaac, and went back to the host, and told the barons that they had fulfilled their mission.

ENTRY OF THE CRUSADERS INTO CONSTANTINOPLE—CORONATION OF THE YOUNG ALEXIUS

Then did the barons mount their horses, and led the young man, with great rejoicings, into the city, to his father; and the Greeks opened the gate to him, and received him with very much rejoicing and great feasting. The joy of the father and of the son was very great, because of a long time they had not seen one another, and because, by God's help and that of the pilgrims, they had passed from so great poverty and ruin to such high estate. Therefore the joy was great inside Constantinople; and also without, among the host of the pilgrims, because of the honour and victory that God had given them.

And on the morrow the emperor and his son also besought the counts and the barons, for God's sake, to go and quarter themselves on the other side of the straits, toward Estanor and Galatas; for, if they quartered themselves in the city, it was to be feared that quarrels would ensue between them and the Greeks, and it might well chance that the city would be destroyed. And the counts and barons said that they had

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already served him in so many ways that they would not now refuse any request of his. So they went and quartered themselves on the other side, and sojourned there in peace and quiet, and with great store of good provisions.

Now you must know that many of those in the host went to see Constantinople, and the rich palaces and great churches, of which there were many, and all the great wealth of the city—for never was there city that possessed so much. Of relics it does not behove me to speak, for at that day there were as many there as in all the rest of the world. Thus did the Greeks and French live in good fellowship in all things, both as regards trafficking and other matters.

By common consent of Franks and Greeks, it was settled that the new emperor should be crowned on the feast of our Lord St. Peter (1st August 1203). So was it settled, and so it was done. He was crowned full worthily and with honour according to the use for Greek emperors at that time. Afterwards he began to pay the moneys due to the host; and such moneys were divided among the host, and each repaid what had been advanced in Venice for his passage.

ALEXIUS BEGS THE CRUSADERS TO PROLONG THEIR STAY

The new emperor went oft to see the barons in the camp, and did them great honour, as much as he could; and this was but fitting, seeing that they had served him right well. And one day he came to the camp, to see the barons privily in the quarters of Count Baldwin of Hainault and Flanders. Thither were summoned the Doge of Venice, and the great barons, and he spoke to them and said: "Lords, I am emperor by God's grace and yours, and you have done me the highest service that ever yet was done by any people to Christian man. Now be it known to you that there are folk enough who show me a fair seeming, and yet love me not; and the Greeks are full of despite because it is by your help that I have entered into my inheritance.

"Now the term of your departure is nigh, and your fellowship with the Venetians is timed only to last till the feast of St. Michael. And within so short a term I cannot fulfil our covenant. Be it known to you therefore, that, if you abandon me, the Greeks hate me because of you: I shall lose my land, and they will kill me. But now do this thing that

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I ask of you: remain here till March, and I will entertain your ships for one year from the feast of St. Michael, and bear the cost of the Venetians, and will give you such things as you may stand in need of till Easter. And within that term I shall have placed my land in such case that I cannot lose it again; and your covenant will be fulfilled, for I shall have paid such moneys as are due to you, obtaining them from all my lands; and I shall be ready also with ships either to go with you myself, or to send others, as I have covenanted; and you will have the summer from end to end in which to carry on the war against the Saracens."

The barons thereupon said they would consult together apart; knowing full well that what the young man said was sooth, and that it would be better, both for the emperor and for themselves, to consent unto him. But they replied that they could not so consent save with the common agreement of the host, and that they would therefore lay the matter before the host, and then give such answer as might be devised. So the Emperor Alexius departed from them, and went back to Constantinople. And they remained in the camp and assembled a parliament the next day. To this parliament were summoned all the barons and the chieftains of the host, and of the knights the greater part; and in their hearing were repeated all the words that the emperor had spoken.

DEBATE AMONG THE CRUSADERS—DEATH OF MATTHEW OF MONTMORENCY

Then was there much discord in the host, as had been ofttimes before on the part of those who wished that the host should break up; for to them it seemed to be holding together too long. And the party that had raised the discord at Corfu reminded the others of their oaths, and said: "Give us ships as you swore to us, for we purpose to go to Syria."

And the others cried to them for pity and said: "Lords, for God's sake, let us not bring to naught the great honour that God has given us. If we go to Syria at this present, we shall come thither at the beginning of winter and so not be able to make war, and the Lord's work will thus remain undone. But if we wait till March, we shall leave this emperor in good estate, and go hence rich in goods and in food. Thus

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shall we go to Syria, and over-run the land of Babylon. And the fleet will remain with us till Michaelmas, yes, and onwards from Michaelmas to Easter, seeing it will be unable to leave us because of the winter. So shall the land oversea fall into our hands."

Those who wished the host to be broken up, cared not for reasons good or bad so long as the host fell to pieces. But those who wished to keep the host together, wrought so effectually, with the help of God, that in the end the Venetians made a new covenant to maintain the fleet for a year, reckoning from Michaelmas, the Emperor Alexius paying them for so doing; and the pilgrims, on their side, made a new covenant to remain in the same fellowship as theretofore, and for the same term. Thus were peace and concord established in the host.

Then there befell a very great mischance in the host; for Matthew of Montmorency, who was one of the best knights in the kingdom of France, and of the most prized and most honoured, took to his bed for sickness, and his sickness so increased upon him that he died. And much dole was made for him, for great was the loss—one of the greatest that had befallen the host by any man's death. He was buried in a church of my Lord St. John, of the Hospital of Jerusalem.

PROGRESS OF THE YOUNG ALEXIUS THROUGH THE EMPIRE

Afterwards, by the advice of the Greeks and the French, the Emperor Alexius issued from Constantinople, with a very great company, purposing to quiet the empire and subject it to his will. With him went a great part of the barons; and the others remained to guard the camp. The Marquis Boniface of Montferrat went with him, and Count Hugh of St. Paul, and Henry, brother to Count Baldwin of Flanders and Hainault, and James of Avesnes, and William of Champlitte, and Hugh of Colemi, and many others whom the book does not here mention by name. In the camp remained Count Baldwin of Hainault and Flanders, and Count Lewis of Blois and Chartres, and the greater part of the pilgrims of lesser note.

And you must know that during this progress all the Greeks, on either side of the straits, came to the Emperor

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Alexius, to do his will and commandment, and did him fealty and homage as to their lord—all except John, who was King of Wallachia and Bulgaria. This John was a Wallachian, who had rebelled against his father and uncle, and had warred against them for twenty years, and had won from them so much land that he had become a very wealthy king. And be it known to you, that of the land lying on the west side of the Straits of St. George, he had conquered very nearly the half. This John did not come to do the will of the emperor, nor to submit himself to him.

CONFLICT BETWEEN THE GREEKS AND LATINS IN CONSTANTINOPLE—BURNING OF THE CITY

While the Emperor Alexius was away on this progress, there befell a very grievous misadventure; for a conflict arose between the Greeks and the Latins who inhabited Constantinople, and of these last there were many. And certain people—who they were I know not—out of malice, set fire to the city; and the fire waxed so great and horrible that no man could put it out or abate it. And when the barons of the host, who were quartered on the other side of the port, saw this, they were sore grieved and filled with pity—seeing the great churches and the rich palaces melting and falling in, and the great streets filled with merchandise burning in the flames; but they could do nothing.

Thus did the fire prevail, and win across the port, even to the densest part of the city, and to the sea on the other side, quite near to the church of St. Sophia. It lasted two days and two nights, nor could it be put out by the hand of man. And the front of the fire, as it went flaming, was well over half a league broad. What was the damage then done, what the possessions and riches swallowed up, could no man tell—nor what the number of men and women and children who perished—for many were burned.

All the Latins, to whatever land they might belong, who were lodged in Constantinople, dared no longer to remain therein; but they took their wives and their children, and such of their possessions as they could save from the fire, and entered into boats and vessels, and passed over the port and came to the camp of the pilgrims. Nor were they few in number, for there were of them some fifteen thousand, small

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and great; and afterwards it proved to be of advantage to the pilgrims that these should have crossed over to them. Thus was there division between the Greeks and the Franks; nor were they ever again as much at one as they had been before, for neither side knew on whom to cast the blame for the fire; and this rankled in men's hearts upon either side.

At that time did a thing befall whereby the barons and those of the host were greatly saddened; for the Abbot of Loos died, who was a holy man and a worthy, and had wished well to the host. He was a monk of the order of the Cistercians.

THE YOUNG ALEXIUS RETURNS TO CONSTANTINOPLE— HE FAILS IN HIS PROMISES TO THE CRUSADERS

The Emperor Alexius remained for a long time on progress, till St. Martin's Day, and then he returned to Constantinople. Great was the joy at his home-coming, and the Greeks and ladies of Constantinople went out to meet their friends in great cavalcades, and the pilgrims went out to meet their friends, and had great joy of them. So did the emperor re-enter Constantinople and the palace of Blachernæ; and the Marquis of Montferrat and the other barons returned to the camp.

The emperor, who had managed his affairs right well and thought he had now the upper hand, was filled with arrogance towards the barons and those who had done so much for him, and never came to see them in the camp, as he had done aforetime. And they sent to him and begged him to pay them the moneys due, as he had covenanted. But he led them on from delay to delay, making them, at one time and another, payments small and poor; and in the end the payments ceased and came to naught.

The Marquis Boniface of Montferrat, who had done more for him than any other, and stood better in his regard, went to him oftentimes, and showed him what great services the Crusaders had rendered him, and that greater services had never been rendered to any one. And the emperor still entertained them with delays, and never carried out such things as he had promised, so that at last they saw and knew clearly that his intent was wholly evil.

Then the barons of the host held a parliament with the

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Doge of Venice, and they said that they now knew that the emperor would fulfil no covenant, nor ever speak sooth to them; and they decided to send good envoys to demand the fulfilment of their covenant, and to show what services they had done him; and if he would now do what was required, they were to be satisfied; but, if not, they were to defy him, and right well might he rest assured that the barons would by all means recover their due.

THE CRUSADERS DEFY THE EMPERORS

For this embassage were chosen Conon of Béthune and Geoffry of Villehardouin, the Marshal of Champagne, and Miles the Brabant of Provins; and the Doge also sent three chief men of his council. So these envoys mounted their horses, and, with swords girt, rode together till they came to the palace of Blachernæ. And be it known to you that, by reason of the treachery of the Greeks, they went in great peril, and on a hard adventure.

They dismounted at the gate and entered the palace, and found the Emperor Alexius and the Emperor Isaac seated on two thrones, side by side. And near them was seated the empress, who was the wife of the father, and stepmother of the son, and sister to the King of Hungary—a lady both fair and good. And there were with them a great company of people of note and rank, so that well did the court seem the court of a rich and mighty prince.

By desire of the other envoys Conon of Béthune, who was very wise and eloquent of speech, acted as spokesman: "Sire, we have come to thee on the part of the barons of the host and of the Doge of Venice. They would put thee in mind of the great service they have done to thee—a service known to the people and manifest to all men. Thou hast sworn, thou and thy father, to fulfil the promised covenants, and they have your charters in hand. But you have not fulfilled those covenants well, as you should have done. Many times have they called upon you to do so, and now again we call upon you, in the presence of all your barons, to fulfil the covenants that are between you and them. Should you do so, it shall be well. If not, be it known to you that from this day forth they will not hold you as lord or friend, but will endeavour to obtain their due by all the means in their

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power. And of this they now give you warning, seeing that they would not injure you, nor any one, without first defiance given; for never have they acted treacherously, nor in their land is it customary to do so. You have heard what we have said. It is for you to take counsel thereon according to your pleasure."

Much were the Greeks amazed and greatly outraged by this open defiance; and they said that never had any one been so hardy as to dare defy the Emperor of Constantinople in his own hall. Very evil were the looks now cast on the envoys by the Emperor Alexius and by all the Greeks, who aforetime were wont to regard them very favourably.

Great was the tumult there within, and the envoys turned about and came to the gate and mounted their horses. When they got outside the gate, there was not one of them but felt glad at heart; nor is that to be marvelled at, for they had escaped from very great peril, and it held to very little that they were not all killed or taken. So they returned to the camp, and told the barons how they had fared.

THE WAR BEGINS—THE GREEKS ENDEAVOUR TO SET FIRE TO THE FLEET OF THE CRUSADERS

Thus did the war begin; and each side did to the other as much harm as they could, by sea and by land. The Franks and the Greeks fought often; but never did they fight, let God be praised therefor! that the Greeks did not lose more than the Franks. So the war lasted a long space, till the heart of the winter.

Then the Greeks bethought themselves of a very great device, for they took seven large ships, and filled them full of big logs, and shavings, and tow, and resin, and barrels, and then waited until such time as the wind should blow strongly from their side of the straits. And one night, at midnight, they set fire to the ships, and unfurled their sails to the wind. And the flames blazed up high, so that it seemed as if the whole world were a-fire. Thus did the burning ships come towards the fleet of the pilgrims; and a great cry arose in the host, and all sprang to arms on every side. The Venetians ran to their ships, and so did all those who had ships in possession, and they began to draw them away out of the flames very vigorously.

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And to this bears witness Geoffry the Marshal of Champagne, who dictates this work, that never did people help themselves better at sea than the Venetians did that night; for they sprang into the galleys and boats belonging to the ships, and seized upon the fire ships, all burning as they were, with hooks, and dragged them by main force before their enemies, outside the port, and set them into the current of the straits, and left them to go burning down the straits. So many of the Greeks had come down to the shore that they were without end and innumerable, and their cries were so great that it seemed as if the earth and sea would melt together. They got into barges and boats, and shot at those on our side who were battling with the flames, so that some were wounded.

All the knights of the host, as soon as they heard the clamour, armed themselves; and the battalions marched out into the plain, each according to the order in which they had been quartered, for they feared lest the Greeks should also attack them on land.

They endured thus in labour and anguish till daylight; but by God's help those on our side lost nothing, save a Pisan ship, which was full of merchandise, and was burned with fire. Deadly was the peril in which we stood that night, for if the fleet had been consumed, all would have been lost, and we should never have been able to get away by land or sea. Such was the guerdon which the Emperor Alexius would have bestowed upon us in return for our services.

MOURZUPHLES USURPS THE EMPIRE—ISAAC DIES, AND THE YOUNG ALEXIUS IS STRANGLED

Then the Greeks, being thus embroiled with the Franks, saw that there was no hope of peace; so they privily took counsel together to betray their lord. Now there was a Greek who stood higher in his favour than all others, and had done more to make him embroil himself with the Franks than any other. This Greek was named Mourzuphles.

With the advice and consent of the others, one night towards midnight, when the Emperor Alexius was asleep in his chamber, those who ought to have been guarding him—and specially Mourzuphles—took him in his bed and threw him into a dungeon in prison. Then Mourzuphles assumed

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the scarlet buskins with the help and by the counsel of the other Greeks (January 1204). So he made himself emperor. Afterwards they crowned him at St. Sophia. Now see if ever people were guilty of such horrible treachery!

When the Emperor Isaac heard that his son was taken and Mourzuphles crowned, great fear came upon him, and he fell into a sickness that lasted no long time. So he died. And the Emperor Mourzuphles caused the son, whom he had in prison, to be poisoned two or three times; but it did not please God that he should thus die. Afterwards the emperor went and strangled him, and when he had strangled him, he caused it to be reported everywhere that he had died a natural death, and had him mourned for, and buried honourably and as an emperor, and made great show of grief.

But murder cannot be hid. Soon was it clearly known, both to the Greeks and to the French, that this murder had been committed, as has just been told to you. Then did the barons of the host and the Doge of Venice assemble in parliament, and with them met the bishops and the clergy. And all the clergy, including those who had powers from the Pope, showed to the barons and to the pilgrims that any one guilty of such a murder had no right to hold lands, and that those who consented thereto were abettors of the murder; and beyond all this, that the Greeks had withdrawn themselves from obedience to Rome. "Wherefore we tell you," said the clergy, "that this war is lawful and just, and that if you have a right intention in conquering this land, to bring it into the Roman obedience, all those who die after confession shall have part in the indulgence granted by the Pope." And you must know that by this the barons and pilgrims were greatly comforted.

THE CRUSADERS CONTINUE THE WAR—DEFEAT OF MOURZUPHLES

Dire was the war between the Franks and the Greeks, for it abated not, but rather increased and waxed fiercer, so that few were the days on which there was not fighting by sea or land. Then Henry, the brother of Count Baldwin of Flanders rode forth, and took with him a great part of the good men in the host. With him went James of Avesnes, and Baldwin of Beauvoir, Odo of Champagne of Champlitte,

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William his brother, and the people of their country. They started at vesper time and rode all night, and on the morrow, when it was full day, they came to a good city, called Phile, and took it; and they had great gain, beasts, and prisoners, and clothing, and food, which they sent in boats down the straits to the camp, for the city lies on the sea of Russia.

So they sojourned two days in that city, with food in great plenty, enough and to spare. The third day they departed with the beasts and the booty, and rode back towards the camp. Now the Emperor Mourzuphles heard tell how they had issued from the camp, and he left Constantinople by night, with a great part of his people, and set himself in ambush at a place by which they must needs pass. And he watched them pass with their beasts and their booty, each division, the one after the other, till it came to the rear-guard. The rear-guard was under the command of Henry, the brother of Count Baldwin of Flanders, and formed of his people, and the Emperor Mourzuphles fell upon them at the entrance to a wood; whereupon they turned against him. Very fiercely did the battle rage there.

By God's help the Emperor Mourzuphles was discomfited, and came near to being taken captive; and he lost his imperial banner and an Eikon that was borne before him, in which he and the other Greeks had great confidence—it was an Eikon that figured our Lady—and he lost at least twenty knights of the best people that he had. Thus was discomfited the Emperor Mourzuphles, as you have just heard; and fiercely did the war rage between him and the Franks; and by this time a great part of the winter had already passed, and it was near Candlemas (2nd February 1204), and Lent was approaching.

OF THE PILGRIMS WHO HAD GONE TO SYRIA

Now we will leave off speaking of the host before Constantinople, and speak of those who sailed from other ports than Venice, and of the ships of Flanders that had sojourned during the winter at Marseilles, and had all gone over in the summer to the land of Syria; and these were far more in number than the host before Constantinople. Listen now, and you shall hear what a great mischance it was that they

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had not joined themselves to the host, for in that case would Christendom have been for ever exalted. But because of their sins, God would not so have it, for some died of the sickness of the land, and some turned back to their own homes. Nor did they perform any great deeds, or achieve aught of good, in the land oversea.

And there started also a company of very good men to go to Antioch, to join Boemond, prince of Antioch and Count of Tripoli, who was at war with King Leon, the lord of the Armenians. This company was going to the prince to be in his pay; and the Turks of the land knew of it, and made an ambuscade there where the men of the company needs must pass. And they came thither, and fought, and the Franks were discomfited, so that not one escaped that was not killed or taken.

There were slain Villain of Neuilly, who was one of the best knights in the world, and Giles of Trasegnies, and many others; and were taken Bernard of Moreuil, and Renaud of Dampierre, and John of Villers, and William of Neuilly. And you must know that eighty knights were in this company, and every one was either killed or taken. And well does this book bear witness, that of those who avoided the host of Venice, there was not one but suffered harm or shame. He therefore must be accounted wise who holds to the better course.

AGREEMENT BETWEEN THE FRANKS AND VENETIANS BEFORE ATTACKING CONSTANTINOPLE

Now let us leave speaking of those who avoided the host, and speak of those before Constantinople. Well had these prepared all their engines, and mounted their petraries, and mangonels on the ships and on the transports, and got ready all such engines of war as are needful for the taking of a city, and raised ladders from the yards and masts of the vessels, so high that they were a marvel to behold.[1]

And when the Greeks saw this, they began, on their side, to strengthen the defences of the city which was enclosed with high walls and high towers. Nor was any tower so high that they did not raise thereon two or three stages of wood to heighten it still more. Never was city so well fortified.

[1] This passage is obscure in the original.

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Thus did the Greeks and the Franks bestir themselves on the one side and the other during the greater part of Lent.

Then those of the host spoke together, and took counsel what they should do. Much was advanced this way and that, but in the end, they devised that if God granted them entry into the city by force, all the booty taken was to be brought together, and fittingly distributed; and further, if the city fell into their power, six men should be taken from among the Franks, and six from among the Venetians, and these twelve should swear, on holy relics, to elect as emperor the man who, as they deemed, would rule with most profit to the land. And whosoever was thus elected emperor, would have one quarter of whatever was captured, whether within the city or without, and moreover would possess the palace of Bucoleon and that of Blachernæ; and the remaining three parts would be divided into two, and one of the halves awarded to the Venetians and the other to those of the host.

And there should be taken twelve of the wisest and most experienced men among the host of the pilgrims, and twelve among the Venetians, and those twenty-four would divide fiefs and honours, and appoint the service to be done therefor to the emperor.

This covenant was made sure and sworn to on the one side and the other by the Franks and the Venetians; with provision that at the end of March, a year thence, any who so desired might depart hence and go their way, but that those who remained in the land would be held to the service of the emperor in such manner as might be ordained. Thus was the covenant devised and made sure; and such as should not observe it were excommunicated by the clergy.

ATTACK OF THE CRUSADERS REPULSED—THEY MAKE READY FOR ANOTHER ASSAULT

The fleet was very well prepared and armed, and provisions were got together for the pilgrims. On the Thursday after mid-Lent (8th April 1204), all entered into the vessels, and put their horses into the transports. Each division had its own ships, and all were ranged side by side; and the ships were separated from the galleys and transports. A marvellous sight it was to see; and well does this book bear

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witness that the attack, as it had been devised, extended over full half a French league.

On the Friday morning the ships and the galleys and the other vessels drew near to the city in due order, and then began an assault most fell and fierce. In many places the pilgrims landed and went up to the walls, and in many places the scaling ladders on the ships approached so close, that those on the towers and on the walls and those on the ladders crossed lances, hand to hand. Thus lasted the assault, in more than a hundred places, very fierce, and very dour, and very proud, till near upon the hour of nones.

But, for our sins, the pilgrims were repulsed in that assault, and those who had landed from the galleys and transports were driven back into them by main force. And you must know that on that day those of the host lost more than the Greeks, and much were the Greeks rejoiced thereat. And some there were who drew back from the assault, with the ships in which they were. And some remained with their ships at anchor so near to the city that from either side they shot at one another with petraries and mangonels.

Then, at vesper time, those of the host and the Doge of Venice called together a parliament, and assembled in a church on the other side of the straits—on the side where they had been quartered. There were many opinions given and discussed; and much were those of the host moved for the mischief that had that day befallen them. And many advised that they should attack the city on another side—the side where it was not so well fortified. But the Venetians, who had fuller knowledge of the sea, said that if they went to that other side, the current would carry them down the straits, and that they would be unable to stop their ships. And you must know that there were those who would have been well pleased if the current had borne them down the straits, or the wind, they cared not whither, so long as they left that land behind, and went on their way. Nor is this to be wondered at, for they were in sore peril.

Enough was there spoken, this way and in that; but the conclusion of their deliberation was this: that they would repair and refit on the following day, which was Saturday, and during the whole of Sunday, and that on the Monday they would return to the assault; and they devised further that the ships that carried the scaling ladders should be

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bound together, two and two, so that two ships should be in case to attack one tower; for they had perceived that day how only one ship had attacked each tower, and that this had been too heavy a task for the ship, seeing that those in the tower were more in number than those on the ladder. For this reason was it well seen that two ships would attack each tower with greater effect than one. As had been settled, so was it done, and they waited thus during the Saturday and Sunday.

THE CRUSADERS TAKE A PART OF THE CITY

Before the assault the Emperor Mourzuphles had come to encamp, with all his power, in an open space, and had there pitched his scarlet tents. Thus matters remained till the Monday morning, when those on the ships, transports, and galleys were all armed. And those of the city stood in much less fear of them than they did at the beginning, and were in such good spirits that on the walls and towers you could see nothing but people. Then began an assault proud and marvellous, and every ship went straight before it to the attack. The noise of the battle was so great that it seemed to rend the earth.

Thus did the assault last for a long while, till our Lord raised a wind called Boreas which drove the ships and vessels further up on to the shore. And two ships that were bound together, of which the one was called the *Pilgrim* and the other the *Paradise*, approached so near to a tower, the one on the one side and the other on the other—so as God and the wind drove them—that the ladder of the *Pilgrim* joined on to the tower. Immediately a Venetian, and a knight of France, whose name was Andrew of Urboise, entered into the tower, and other people began to enter after them, and those in the tower were discomfited and fled.[1]

[1] I should like to quote here another feat of arms related by Robert of Clari, one of those feats that serve to explain how the Crusaders obtained mastery—the mastery of perfect fearlessness—over the Greeks. Robert of Clari, then, relates how a small body of the besiegers, ten knights and nine sergeants, had come before a postern which had been newly bricked up. "Now there was there a clerk, Aleaume of Clari by name, who had shown his courage whenever there was need, and was always first in any assault at which he might be present; and when the tower of Galata was taken, this same clerk had performed more deeds of prowess with his body, man for man, than

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When the knights see this, who are in the transports, they land, and raise their ladders against the wall, and scale the top of the wall by main force, and so take four of the towers. And all begin to leap out of the ships and transports and galleys, helter-skelter, each as best he can; and they break in some three of the gates and enter in; and they draw the horses out of the transports; and the knights mount and ride straight to the quarters of the Emperor Mourzuphles. He had his battalions arrayed before his tents, and when his men see the mounted knights coming, they lose heart and fly; and so goes the emperor flying through the streets to the castle of Bucoleon.

Then might you have seen the Greeks beaten down; and horses and palfreys captured, and mules, and other booty. Of killed and wounded there was neither end nor measure. A great part of the Greek lords had fled towards the gate of

any one in the host, save only the Lord Peter of Bracuel; for the Lord Peter it was who surpassed all others, whether of high or low degree, so that there was none other that performed such feats of arms, or acts of prowess with his body, as the Lord Peter of Bracuel. So when they came to the postern they began to hew and pick at it very hardily; but the bolts flew at them so thick, and so many stones were hurled at them from the wall, that it seemed as if they would be buried beneath the stones—such was the mass of quarries and stones thrown from above. And those who were below held up targes and shields to cover those who were picking and hewing underneath; and those above threw down pots of boiling pitch, and Greek fire, and large rocks, so that it was one of God's miracles that the assailants were not utterly confounded; for my Lord Peter and his men suffered more than enough of blows and grievous danger. However, so did they hack at the postern, both above and below, with their axes and good swords, that they made a great hole therein; and when the postern was broken through, they all swarmed to the aperture, but saw so many people above and below, that it seemed as if half the world were there, and they dared not be so bold as to enter.

"Now when Aleaume, the clerk, saw that no one dared to go in, he sprang forward, and said that go in he would. And there was there present a knight, a brother to the clerk (the knight's name was Robert of Clari), who forbade him, and said he should not go in. And the clerk said he would, and scrambled in on his hands and feet. And when the knight saw this, he took hold upon him, by the foot, and began to drag him back. But in his brother's despite, and whether his brother would or not, the clerk went in. And when he was within, many were the Greeks who ran upon him, and those on the walls cast big stones upon him. And the clerk drew his knife, and ran at them; and he drave them before him as if they had been cattle, and cried to those who were without, to the Lord Peter of Amiens and his folk, 'Sire, come in boldly, I see that they are falling back discomfited and flying.' When my Lord Peter heard this, he and his people who were without, they entered in; and there were no more than ten knights with him, but there were some sixty sergeants, and they were all on foot. And

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Blachernæ. And vesper-time was already past, and those of the host were weary of the battle and of the slaying. And they began to assemble in a great open space that was in Constantinople, and decided that they would take up their quarters near the walls and towers they had captured. Never had they thought that in a whole month they should be able to take the city, with its great churches, and great palaces, and the people that were in it.

FLIGHT OF MOURZUPHLES—SECOND FIRE IN CONSTANTINOPLE

As they had settled, so was it done, and they encamped before the walls and before the towers by their ships. Count Baldwin of Flanders and Hainault quartered himself in the scarlet tents that the Emperor Mourzuphles had left standing, and Henry his brother before the palace of Blachernæ; and Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, he and his men, towards the thickest part of the city. So were the host encamped as you have heard, and Constantinople taken on the Monday after Palm Sunday (12th April 1204).

Now Count Lewis of Blois and Chartres had languished all the winter with a quartan fever, and could not bear his armour. And you must know that this was a great misfor-

when those who were on the wall at that place saw them, they had such fear that they did not dare to remain there, but avoided a great space on the wall, and fled helter-skelter.

"Now the Emperor Mourzuphles, the traitor, was near by, at less than a stone's throw of distance, and he caused the silver horns to be sounded, and the cymbals, and a great noise to be made. And when he saw my Lord Peter, and his people, who had entered in on foot, he made a great show of falling upon them, and spurring forward, came about half-way to where they stood. But my Lord Peter, when he saw him coming, began to encourage his people, and to say: 'Now, Lord God, grant that we may do well, and the battle is ours. Here comes the emperor! Let no one dare to think of retreat, but each bethink himself to do well.' Then Mourzuphles, seeing that they would in no wise give way, stayed where he was, and then turned back to his tents." After this, according to Robert of Clari, Lord Peter's men break open a gate, and the Crusaders enter into the city. See *Li Estoires de chiaus qui conquisent Constantinoble, de Robert de Clari en aminois, chevalier*, pp. 60-62. The volume in the British Museum is undated, and there is this note in the catalogue, "No more printed." The volume itself is noteless, though there are printed marks here and there which would suggest that notes were intended. The Chronicle of Robert of Clari will also be found in Hopf's *Chroniques Gréco-romanes inédites ou peu connues*, etc., pp. 1-85. Berlin, 1873.

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tune to the host, seeing he was a good knight of his body; and he lay in one of the transports.

Thus did those of the host, who were very weary, rest that night. But the Emperor Mourzuphles rested not, for he assembled all his people, and said he would go and attack the Franks. Nevertheless he did not do as he had said, for he rode along other streets, as far as he could from those held by the host, and came to a gate which is called the Golden Gate, whereby he escaped, and avoided the city; and afterwards all who could fled also. And of all this those of the host knew nothing.

During that night, towards the quarters of Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, certain people, whose names are unknown to me, being in fear lest the Greeks should attack them, set fire to the buildings between themselves and the Greeks. And the city began to take fire, and to burn very direfully; and it burned all that night and all the next day, till vesper-time. And this was the third fire there had been in Constantinople since the Franks arrived in the land; and more houses had been burned in the city than there are houses in any three of the greatest cities in the kingdom of France.

That night passed and the next day came, which was a Tuesday morning (13th April 1204); and all armed themselves throughout the host, both knights and sergeants, and each repaired to his post. Then they issued from their quarters, and thought to find a sorer battle than the day before, for no word had come to them that the emperor had fled during the night. But they found none to oppose them.

THE CRUSADERS OCCUPY THE CITY

The Marquis Boniface of Montferrat rode all along the shore to the palace of Bucoleon, and when he arrived there it surrendered, on condition that the lives of all therein should be spared. At Bucoleon were found the larger number of the great ladies who had fled to the castle, for there were found the sister [1] of the King of France, who had been empress, and the sister [2] of the King of Hungary, who

[1] Agnes, sister of Philip Augustus, married successively to Alexius II., to Andronicus, and to Theodore Branas.

[2] Margaret, sister of Emeric, King of Hungary, married to the Emperor Isaac, and afterwards to the Marquis of Montferrat.

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had also been empress, and other ladies very many. Of the treasure that was found in that palace I cannot well speak, for there was so much that it was beyond end or counting.

At the same time that this palace was surrendered to the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat, did the palace of Blachernæ surrender to Henry, the brother of Count Baldwin of Flanders, on condition that no hurt should be done to the bodies of those who were therein. There too was found much treasure, not less than in the palace of Bucoleon. Each garrisoned with his own people the castle that had been surrendered to him, and set a guard over the treasure. And the other people, spread abroad throughout the city, also gained much booty. The booty gained was so great that none could tell you the end of it: gold and silver, and vessels and precious stones, and samite, and cloth of silk, and robes vair and grey, and ermine, and every choicest thing found upon the earth. And well does Geoffry of Villehardouin, the Marshal of Champagne, bear witness, that never, since the world was created, had so much booty been won in any city.

Every one took quarters where he pleased, and of lodgings there was no stint. So the host of the pilgrims and of the Venetians found quarters, and greatly did they rejoice and give thanks because of the victory God had vouchsafed to them—for those who before had been poor were now in wealth and luxury. Thus they celebrated Palm Sunday and the Easter Day following (25th April 1204) in the joy and honour that God had bestowed upon them. And well might they praise our Lord, since in all the host there were no more than twenty thousand armed men, one with another, and with the help of God they had conquered four hundred thousand men, or more, and in the strongest city in all the world—yea, a great city—and very well fortified.

DIVISION OF THE SPOIL

Then was it proclaimed throughout the host by the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat, who was lord of the host, and by the barons, and by the Doge of Venice, that all the booty should be collected and brought together, as had been covenanted under oath and pain of excommunication. Three churches were appointed for the receiving of the

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spoils, and guards were set to have them in charge, both Franks and Venetians, the most upright that could be found.

Then each began to bring in such booty as he had taken, and to collect it together. And some brought in loyally, and some in evil sort, because covetousness, which is the root of all evil, let and hindered them. So from that time forth the covetous began to keep things back, and our Lord began to love them less. Ah God! how loyally they had borne themselves up to now! And well had the Lord God shown them that in all things He was ready to honour and exalt them above all people. But full oft do the good suffer for the sins of the wicked.

The spoils and booty were collected together, and you must know that all was not brought into the common stock, for not a few kept things back, maugre the excommunication of the Pope. That which was brought to the churches was collected together and divided, in equal parts, between the Franks and the Venetians, according to the sworn covenant. And you must know further that the pilgrims, after the division had been made, paid out of their share fifty thousand marks of silver to the Venetians, and then divided at least one hundred thousand marks between themselves, among their own people. And shall I tell you in what wise? Two sergeants on foot counted as one mounted, and two sergeants mounted as one knight. And you must know that no man received more, either on account of his rank or because of his deeds, than that which had been so settled and ordered—save in so far as he may have stolen it.

And as to theft, and those who were convicted thereof, you must know that stern justice was meted out to such as were found guilty, and not a few were hung. The Count of St. Paul hung one of his knights, who had kept back certain spoils, with his shield to his neck; but many there were, both great and small, who kept back part of the spoils, and it was never known. Well may you be assured that the spoil was very great, for if it had not been for what was stolen, and for the part given to the Venetians, there would have been at least four hundred thousand marks of silver, and at least ten thousand horses—one with another. Thus were divided the spoils of Constantinople, as you have heard.

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BALDWIN, COUNT OF FLANDERS, ELECTED EMPEROR

Then a parliament assembled, and the commons of the host declared that an emperor must be elected, as had been settled aforetime. And they parliamented so long that the matter was adjourned to another day, and on that day would they choose the twelve electors who were to make the election. Nor was it possible that there should be lack of candidates, or of men covetous, seeing that so great an honour was in question as the imperial throne of Constantinople. But the greatest discord that arose was the discord concerning Count Baldwin of Flanders and Hainault and the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat; for all the people said that either of those two should be elected.

And when the chief men of the host saw that all held either for Count Baldwin or for the Marquis of Montferrat, they conferred together and said: "Lords, if we elect one of these two great men, the other will be so filled with envy that he will take away with him all his people. And then the land that we have won may be lost; just as the land of Jerusalem came nigh to be lost when, after it had been conquered, Godfrey of Bouillon was elected king, and the Count of St. Giles became so fulfilled with envy that he enticed the other barons, and whomsoever he could, to abandon the host. Then did many people depart, and there remained so few that, if God had not sustained them, the land of Jerusalem would have been lost. Let us therefore beware lest the same mischance befall us also, and rather bethink ourselves how we may keep both these lords in the host. Let the one on whom God shall bestow the empire so devise that the other is well content; let him grant to that other all the land on the further side of the straits, towards Turkey, and the Isle of Greece, and that other shall be his liegeman. Thus shall we keep both lords in the host."

As had been proposed, so was it settled, and both consented right willingly. Then came the day for the parliament, and the parliament assembled. And the twelve electors were chosen, six on one side and six on the other; and they swore on holy relics to elect, duly, and in good faith, whomsoever would best meet the needs of the host, and bear rule over the empire most worthily.

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Thus were the twelve chosen, and a day appointed for the election of the emperor; and on the appointed day the twelve electors met at a rich palace, one of the fairest in the world, where the Doge of Venice had his quarters. Great and marvellous was the concourse, for every one wished to see who should be elected. Then were the twelve electors called, and set in a very rich chapel within the palace, and the door was shut, so that no one remained with them. The barons and knights stayed without in a great palace.

The council lasted till they were agreed; and by consent of all they appointed Névelon, Bishop of Soissons, who was one of the twelve, to act as spokesman. Then they came out to the place where all the barons were assembled, and the Doge of Venice. Now you must know that many set eyes upon them, to know how the election had turned. And the bishop, lifting up his voice—while all listened intently—spoke as he had been charged, and said: "Lords, we are agreed, let God be thanked! upon the choice of an emperor; and you have all sworn that he whom we shall elect as emperor shall be held by you to be emperor indeed, and that if any one gainsay him, you will be his helpers. And we name him now at the self-same hour when God was born, THE COUNT BALDWIN OF FLANDERS AND HAINAULT!"

A cry of joy was raised in the palace, and they bore the count out of the palace, and the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat bore him on one side to the church, and showed him all the honour he could. So was the Count Baldwin of Flanders and Hainault elected emperor, and a day appointed for his coronation, three weeks after Easter (16th May 1204). And you must know that many a rich robe was made for the coronation; nor did they want for the wherewithal.

BONIFACE WEDS ISAAC'S WIDOW; AND AFTER BALDWIN'S CORONATION OBTAINS THE KINGDOM OF SALONIKA

Before the time appointed for the coronation, the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat espoused the empress who had been the wife of the Emperor Isaac, and was sister to the King of Hungary. And within that time also did one of the most noble barons of the host, who bore the name of Odo of Champlitte of Champagne, make an end and die. Much was he mourned and bewept by William his brother, and by his

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other friends; and he was buried in the church of the Apostles with great honour.

The time for the coronation drew near, and the Emperor Baldwin was crowned with great joy and great honour in the Church of St. Sophia, in the year of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ one thousand twelve hundred and four. Of the rejoicings and feasting there is no need to speak further, for the barons and knights did all they could; and the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat and Count Lewis of Blois and Chartres did homage to the emperor as their lord. After the great rejoicings and ceremonies of the coronation, he was taken in great pomp, and with a great procession, to the rich palace of Bucoleon. And when the feastings were over he began to discuss his affairs.

Boniface the Marquis of Montferrat called upon him to carry out the covenant made, and give him, as he was bound to do, the land on the other side of the straits towards Turkey and the Isle of Greece. And the emperor acknowledged that he was bound so to do, and said he would do it right willingly. And when the Marquis of Montferrat saw that the emperor was willing to carry out this covenant so debonairly, he besought him, in exchange for this land, to bestow upon him the kingdom of Salonika, because it lay near the land of the King of Hungary, whose sister he had taken to wife.

Much was this matter debated in various ways; but in the end the emperor granted the land of Salonika to the marquis, and the marquis did homage therefor. And at this there was much joy throughout the host, because the marquis was one of the knights most highly prized in all the world, and one whom the knights most loved, inasmuch as no one dealt with them more liberally than he. Thus the marquis remained in the land, as you have heard.

BALDWIN MARCHES AGAINST MOURZUPHLES

The Emperor Mourzuphles had not yet removed more than four days' journey from Constantinople; and he had taken with him the empress who had been the wife of the Emperor Alexius, who aforetime had fled, and his daughter. This Emperor Alexius was in a city called Messinople, with all his people, and still held a great part of the land. And at that

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time the men of note in Greece departed, and a large number passed over the straits towards Turkey; and each one, for his own advantage, made himself master of such lands as he could lay hands upon; and the same thing happened also throughout the other parts of the empire.

The Emperor Mourzuphles made no long tarrying before he took a city which had surrendered to my lord the Emperor Baldwin, a city called Tchorlu. So he took it and sacked it, and seized whatever he found there. When the news thereof came to the Emperor Baldwin, he took counsel with the barons, and with the Doge of Venice, and they agreed to this, that he should issue forth, with all his host, to make conquest of the land, and leave a garrison in Constantinople to keep it sure, seeing that the city had been newly taken and was peopled with the Greeks.

So did they decide, and the host was called together, and decision made as to who should remain in Constantinople, and who should go in the host with the Emperor Baldwin. In Constantinople remained Count Lewis of Blois and Chartres, who had been sick, and was not yet recovered, and the Doge of Venice. And Conon of Béthune remained in the palaces of Blachernæ and Bucoleon to keep the city; and with him Geoffry the Marshal of Champagne, and Miles the Brabant of Provins, and Manasses of l'Isle, and all their people. All the rest made ready to go in the host with the emperor.

Before the Emperor Baldwin left Constantinople, his brother Henry departed thence, by his command, with a hundred very good knights; and he rode from city to city, and in every city to which he came the people swore fealty to the emperor. So he fared forward till he came to Adrianople, which was a good city, and wealthy; and those of the city received him right willingly and swore fealty to the emperor. Then he lodged in the city, he and his people, and sojourned there till the Emperor Baldwin came thither.

MOURZUPHLES TAKES REFUGE WITH ALEXIUS, THE BROTHER OF ISAAC, WHO PUTS OUT HIS EYES

The Emperor Mourzuphles, when he heard that they thus advanced against him, did not dare to abide their coming, but remained always two or three days' march in advance.

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So he fared forward till he came near Messinople, where the Emperor Alexius was sojourning, and he sent on messengers, telling Alexius that he would give him help, and do all his behests. And the Emperor Alexius answered that he should be as welcome as if he were his own son, and that he would give him his daughter to wife, and make of him his son. So the Emperor Mourzuphles encamped before Messinople, and pitched his tents and pavilions, and Alexius was quartered within the city. So they conferred together, and Alexius gave him his daughter to wife, and they entered into alliance, and said they should be as one.

They sojourned thus for I know not how many days, the one in the camp and the other in the city, and then did the Emperor Alexius invite the Emperor Mourzuphles to come and eat with him, and to go with him to the baths. So were matters settled. The Emperor Mourzuphles came privately, and with few people, and when he was within the house, the Emperor Alexius called him into a privy chamber, and had him thrown on to the ground, and the eyes drawn out of his head. And this was done in such treacherous wise as you have heard. Now say whether this people, who wrought such cruelty one to another, were fit to have lands in possession! And when the host of the Emperor Mourzuphles heard what had been done, they scattered, and fled this way and that; and some joined themselves to the Emperor Alexius, and obeyed him as their lord, and remained with him.

BALDWIN MARCHES AGAINST ALEXIUS—HE IS JOINED BY BONIFACE

Then the Emperor Baldwin moved from Constantinople, with all his host, and rode forward till he came to Adrianople. There he found Henry his brother, and the men with him. All the people whithersoever the emperor passed, came to him, and put themselves at his mercy and under his rule. And while they were at Adrianople, they heard the news that the Emperor Alexius had pulled out the eyes of the Emperor Mourzuphles. Of this there was much talk among them; and well did all say that those who betrayed one another so disloyally and treacherously had no right to hold land in possession.

Then was the Emperor Baldwin minded to ride straight to

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Messinople, where the Emperor Alexius was. And the Greeks of Adrianople besought him, as their lord, to leave a garrison in their city because of Johannizza, King of Walachia and Bulgaria, who ofttimes made war upon them. And the Emperor Baldwin left there Eustace of Saubruic, who was a knight of Flanders, very worthy and very valiant, together with forty right good knights, and a hundred mounted sergeants.

So departed the Emperor Baldwin from Adrianople, and rode towards Messinople, where he thought to find the Emperor Alexius. All the people of the lands through which he passed put themselves under his rule and at his mercy; and when the Emperor Alexius saw this, he avoided Messinople and fled. And the Emperor Baldwin rode on till he came before Messinople; and those of the city went out to meet him and surrendered the city to his commandment.

Then the Emperor Baldwin said he would sojourn there, waiting for the arrival of Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, who had not yet joined the host, seeing he could not move as fast as the emperor, because he was bringing with him the empress, his wife. However, he also rode forward till he came to Messinople, by the river, and there encamped, and pitched his tents and pavilions. And on the morrow he went to speak to the Emperor Baldwin, and to see him, and reminded him of his promise.

"Sire," said he, "tidings have come to me from Salonika that the people of the land would have me know that they are ready to receive me willingly as their lord. And I am your liegeman, and hold the land from you. Therefore, I pray you, let me go thither; and when I am in possession of my land and of my city, I will bring you out such supplies as you may need, and come ready prepared to do your behests. But do not go and ruin my land. Let us rather, if it so pleases you, march against Johannizza, the King of Walachia and Bulgaria, who holds a great part of the land wrongfully."

RUPTURE BETWEEN BALDWIN AND BONIFACE—THE ONE MARCHES ON SALONIKA, THE OTHER ON DEMOTICA

I know not by whose counsel it was that the emperor replied that he was determined to march towards Salonika,

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and would afterwards attend to his other affairs. "Sire," said Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, "I pray thee, since I am able without thee to get possession of my land, that thou wilt not enter therein; but if thou dost enter therein, I shall deem that thou art not acting for my good. And be it known to thee that I shall not go with thee, but depart from among you." And the Emperor Baldwin replied that, notwithstanding all this, he should most certainly go.

Alas! how ill-advised were they, both the one and the other, and how great was the sin of those who caused this quarrel! For if God had not taken pity upon them, now would they have lost all the conquests they had made, and Christendom been in danger of ruin. So by ill fortune was there division between the Emperor Baldwin of Constantinople and Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, — and by ill-advice.

The Emperor Baldwin rode towards Salonika, as he devised, with all his people, and with all his power. And Boniface, the Marquis of Montferrat, went back, and he took with him a great number of right worthy people. With him went James of Avesnes, William of Champlitte, Hugh of Colemi, Count Berthold of Catzenellenbogen, and the greater part of those who came from the Empire of Germany and held with the marquis. Thus did the marquis ride back till he came to a castle, very goodly, very strong, and very rich, which is called Demotica; and it was surrendered by a Greek of the city, and when the marquis had entered therein he garrisoned it. Then because of their knowledge of the empress (his wife), the Greeks began to turn towards him, and to surrender to his rule from all the country round about, within a day or two's journey.

The Emperor Baldwin rode straight on to Salonika, and came to a castle called Christopolis, one of the strongest in the world. And it surrendered, and those of the city did homage to him. Afterwards he came to another place called Blache, which was very strong and very rich, and this too surrendered, and the people did homage. Next he came to Cetros, a city strong and rich, and it also came to his rule and order, and did homage. Then he rode to Salonika, and encamped before the city, and was there for three days. And those within surrendered the city, which was one of the best and wealthiest in Christendom at that day, on condition that

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he would maintain the uses and customs theretofore obse
by the Greek emperor.

MESSAGE OF THE CRUSADERS TO BONIFACE—HE SUSPENDS THE SIEGE OF ADRIANOPLE

While the Emperor Baldwin was thus at Salonika, and
land surrendering to his good pleasure and commandm
the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat, with all his people
a great quantity of Greeks who held to his side, marched
Adrianople and besieged it, and pitched his tents
pavilions round about. Now Eustace of Saubruic
therein, with the people whom the emperor had left the
and they mounted the walls and towers and made ready
defend themselves.

Then took Eustace of Saubruic two messengers and s
them, riding night and day, to Constantinople. And
came to the Doge of Venice, and to Count Lewis, and to th
who had been left in the city by the Emperor Baldwin, a
told them that Eustace of Saubruic would have them kn
that the emperor and the marquis were embroiled togeth
and that the marquis had seized Demotica, which was one
the strongest castles in Roumania, and one of the richest, a
that he was besieging them in Adrianople. And when tho
in Constantinople heard this they were moved with ang
for they thought most surely that all their conquests wou
be lost.

Then assembled in the palace of Blachernæ the D
Venice, and Count Lewis of Blois and Chartres, and the
barons that were in Constantinople; and much were
distraught, and greatly were they angered, and fiercely
they complain of those who had put enmity between th
emperor and the marquis. At the prayer of the Doge
Venice and of Count Lewis, Geoffry of Villehardouin, th
Marshal of Champagne, was enjoined to go to the siege
Adrianople, and appease the war, if he could, because h
was well in favour with the marquis, and therefore the
thought he would have more influence than any other. And
he, because of their prayers, and of their great need, said he
would go willingly; and he took with him Manasses o
l'Isle, who was one of the good knights of the host, and one
of the most honoured.

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So they departed from Constantinople, and rode day by y till they came to Adrianople, where the siege was going . And vhen the marquis heard thereof, he came out of e camp and went to meet them. With him came James Avesnes and William of Champlitte, and Hugh of Colemi, d Otho of la Roche, who were the chief counsellors of the rquis. And when he saw the envoys, he did them much nour and showed them much fair seeming.

Geoffry the Marshal, with whom he was on very good ms, spoke to him very sharply, reproaching him with the nion in which he had taken the land of the emperor and ieged the emperor's people in Adrianople, and that with- apprising those in Constantinople, who surely would have ained such redress as was due if the emperor had done him wrong. And the marquis disculpated himself much, and d it was because of the wrong the emperor had done him t he had acted in such sort.

So wrought Geoffry, the Marshal of Champagne, with the p of God, and of the barons who were in the confidence of e marquis, and who loved the said Geoffry well, that the rquis assured him he would leave the matter in the hands the Doge of Venice, and of Count Lewis of Blois and artres, and of Conon of Béthune, and of Geoffry of Ville- rdouin, the Marshal—all of whom well knew what was the venant made between himself and the emperor. So was a uce established between those in the camp and those in e city.

And you must know that Geoffry the Marshal, and anasses of l'Isle, were right joyously looked upon, both by ose in the camp and those in the city, for very strongly d either side wish for peace. And in such measure as the ranks rejoiced, so were the Greeks dolent, because right illingly would they have seen the Franks quarrelling and t war. Thus was the siege of Adrianople raised, and the narquis returned with all his people to Demotica, where was the empress his wife.

MESSAGE OF THE CRUSADERS TO BALDWIN— DEATH OF SEVERAL KNIGHTS

The envoys returned to Constantinople, and told what they ad done. Greatly did the Doge of Venice, and Count Lewis

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of Blois, and all besides, then rejoice that to these envoys had been committed the negotiations for a peace; and they chose good messengers, and wrote a letter, and sent it to the Emperor Baldwin, telling him that the marquis had referred himself to them, with assurances that he would accept their arbitration, and that he (the emperor) was even more strongly bound to do the same, and that they besought him to do so—for they would in no wise countenance war—and promise to accept their arbitration, as the marquis had done.

While this was in progress the Emperor Baldwin had settled matters at Salonika and departed thence, garrisoning it with his people, and had left there as chief Renier of Mons, who was a good knight and a valiant. And tidings had come to him that the marquis had taken Demotica, and established himself therein, and conquered a great part of the land lying round about, and besieged the emperor's people in Adrianople. Greatly enraged was the Emperor Baldwin when these tidings came to him, and much did he hasten so as to raise the siege of Adrianople, and do to the marquis all the harm that he could. Ah God! what mischief their discord might have caused! If God had not seen to it, Christendom would have been undone.

So did the Emperor Baldwin journey day by day. And a very great mischance had befallen those who were before Salonika, for many people of the host were stricken down with sickness. Many who could not be moved had to remain in the castles by which the emperor passed, and many were brought along in litters, journeying in sore pain; and many there were who died at Cetros (La Serre). Among those who so died at Cetros was Master John of Noyon, chancellor to the Emperor Baldwin. He was a good clerk, and very wise, and much had he comforted the host by the word of God, which he well knew how to preach. And you must know that by his death the good men of the host were much discomforted.

Nor was it long ere another great misfortune befell the host, for Peter of Amiens died, who was a man rich and noble, and a good and brave knight, and great dole was made for him by Hugh of St. Paul, who was his cousin-germain, and heavily did his death weigh upon the host. Shortly after died Gerard of Mancicourt, who was a knight much

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prized, and Giles of Aunoy, and many other good people. Forty knights died during this expedition, and by their death was the host greatly enfeebled.

BALDWIN'S REPLY TO THE MESSAGE OF THE CRUSADERS

The Emperor Baldwin journeyed so day by day that he met the messengers sent by those of Constantinople. One of the messengers was a knight belonging to the land of Count Lewis of Blois, and the count's liegeman; his name was Bigue of Fransures, and he was wise and eloquent. He spoke the message of his lord and the other barons right manfully, and said: "Sire, the Doge of Venice, and Count Lewis, my lord, and the other barons who are in Constantinople send you health and greeting as to their lord, and they complain to God and to you of those who have raised discord between you and the Marquis of Montferrat, whereby it failed but little that Christendom was not undone; and they tell you that you did very ill when you listened to such counsellors. Now they apprise you that the marquis has referred to them the quarrel that there is between him and you, and they pray you, as their lord, to refer that quarrel to them likewise, and to promise to abide by their ruling. And be it known to you that they will in no wise, nor on any ground, suffer that you should go to war."

The Emperor Baldwin went to confer with his council, and said he would reply anon. Many there were in the emperor's council who had helped to cause the quarrel, and they were greatly outraged by the declaration sent by those at Constantinople, and they said: "Sire, you hear what they declare to you, that they will not suffer you to take vengeance of your enemy. Truly it seems that if you will not do as they order, they will set themselves against you."

Very many big words were then spoken; but, in the end, the council agreed that the emperor had no wish to lose the friendship of the Doge of Venice, and Count Lewis, and the others who were in Constantinople; and the emperor replied to the envoys: "I will not promise to refer the quarrel to those who sent you, but I will go to Constantinople without doing aught to injure the marquis." So the Emperor Baldwin journeyed day by day till he came to Constantinople, and

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the barons, and the other people, went to meet him, and received him as their lord with great honour.

RECONCILIATION OF BALDWIN AND BONIFACE

On the fourth day the emperor knew clearly that he had been ill-advised to quarrel with the marquis, and then the Doge of Venice and Count Lewis came to speak to him and said: "Sire, we would pray you to refer this matter to us, as the marquis has done." And the emperor said he would do so right willingly. Then were envoys chosen to fetch the marquis, and bring him thither. Of these envoys one was Gervase of the Châtel, and the second Renier of Trit, and Geoffry, Marshal of Champagne the third, and the Doge of Venice sent two of his people.

The envoys rode day by day till they came to Demotica, and they found the marquis with the empress his wife, and a great number of right worthy people, and they told him how they had come to fetch him. Then did Geoffry the Marshal desire him to come to Constantinople, as he had promised, and make peace in such wise as might be settled by those in whose hands he had remitted his cause; and they promised him safe conduct, as also to those who might go with him.

The marquis took counsel with his men. Some there were who agreed that he should go, and some who advised that he should not go. But the end of the debate was such that he went with the envoys to Constantinople, and took full a hundred knights with him; and they rode day by day till they came to Constantinople. Very gladly were they received in the city; and Count Lewis of Blois and Chartres, and the Doge of Venice went out to meet the marquis, together with many other right worthy people, for he was much loved in the host.

Then was a parliament assembled, and the covenants were rehearsed between the Emperor Baldwin and the Marquis Boniface; and Salonika was restored to Boniface, with the land, he placing Demotica, which he had seized, in the hands of Geoffry the Marshal of Champagne, who undertook to keep it till he heard, by accredited messenger, or letters duly sealed, that the marquis was seized of Salonika, when he would give back Demotica to the emperor, or to whomsoever the emperor might appoint. Thus was peace made between the emperor and the marquis, as you have heard. And great was the joy

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thereof throughout the host, for out of this quarrel might very great evil have arisen.

THE KINGDOM OF SALONIKA IS RESTORED TO BONIFACE—DIVISION OF THE LAND BETWEEN THE CRUSADERS

The marquis then took leave, and went towards Salonika with his people, and with his wife; and with him rode the envoys of the emperor; and as they went from castle to castle, each, with all its lordship, was restored to the marquis on the part of the emperor. So they came to Salonika, and those who held the place for the emperor surrendered it. Now the governor, whom the emperor had left there, and whose name was Renier of Mons, had died; he was a man most worthy, and his death a great mischance.

Then the land and country began to surrender to the marquis, and a great part thereof to come under his rule. But a Greek, a man of great rank, whose name was Leon Sgure, would in no wise come under the rule of the marquis, for he had seized Corinth and Napoli, two cities that lie upon the sea, and are among the strongest cities under heaven. He then refused to surrender, but began to make war against the marquis, and a very great many of the Greeks held with him. And another Greek, whose name was Michael, and who had come with the marquis from Constantinople, and was thought by the marquis to be his friend, he departed, without any word said, and went to a city called Arthe (? Durazzo) and took to wife the daughter of a rich Greek, who held the land from the emperor, and seized the land, and began to make war on the marquis.

Now the land from Constantinople to Salonika was quiet and at peace, for the ways were so safe that all could come and go at their pleasure, and from the one city to the other there were full twelve long days' journey. And so much time had now passed that we were at the beginning of September (1204). And the Emperor Baldwin was in Constantinople, and the land at peace, and under his rule. Then died two right good knights in Constantinople, Eustace of Canteleu, and Aimery of Villeroi, whereof their friends had great sorrow.

Then did they begin to divide the land. The Venetians had their part, and the pilgrims the other. And when each

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one was able to go to his own land, the covetousness of this world, which has worked so great evil, suffered them not to be at peace, for each began to deal wickedly in his land, some more, and some less, and the Greeks began to hate them and to nourish a bitter heart.

Then did the Emperor Baldwin bestow on Count Lewis the duchy of Nice, which was one of the greatest lordships in the land of Roumania, and situate on the other side of the straits, towards Turkey. Now all the land on the other side of the straits had not surrendered to the emperor, but was against him. Then afterwards he gave the duchy of Philippopolis to Renier of Trit.

So Count Lewis sent his men to conquer his land—some hundred and twenty knights. And over them were set Peter of Bracieux and Payen of Orleans. They left Constantinople on All Saints Day (1st November 1204), and passed over the Straits of St. George on ship-board, and came to Piga, a city that lies on the sea, and is inhabited by Latins. And they began to war against the Greeks.

EXECUTION OF MOURZUPHLES AND IMPRISONMENT OF ALEXIUS

In those days it happened that the Emperor Mourzuphles, whose eyes had been put out—the same who had murdered his lord, the Emperor Isaac's son, the Emperor Alexius, whom the pilgrims had brought with them to that land—it happened, I say, that the Emperor Mourzuphles fled privily, and with but few people, and took refuge beyond the straits. But Thierri of Loos heard of it, for Mourzuphles' flight was revealed to him, and he took Mourzuphles and brought him to the Emperor Baldwin at Constantinople. And the Emperor Baldwin rejoiced thereat, and took counsel with his men what he should do with a man who had been guilty of such a murder upon his lord.

And the council agreed to this: There was in Constantinople, towards the middle of the city, a column, one of the highest and the most finely wrought in marble that eye had ever seen; and Mourzuphles should be taken to the top of that column and made to leap down, in the sight of all the people, because it was fit that an act of justice so notable should be seen of the whole world. So they led the Emperor

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Mourzuphles to the column, and took him to the top, and all the people in the city ran together to behold the event. Then they cast him down, and he fell from such a height that when he came to the earth he was all shattered and broken.

Now hear of a great marvel! On that column from which he fell were images of divers kinds, wrought in the marble. And among these images was one, worked in the shape of an emperor, falling headlong; for of a long time it had been prophesied that from that column an emperor of Constantinople should be cast down. So did the semblance and the prophecy come true.

It came to pass, at this time also, that the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat, who was near Salonika, took prisoner the Emperor Alexius—the same who had put out the eyes of the Emperor Isaac—and the empress his wife with him. And he sent the scarlet buskins, and the imperial vestments, to the Emperor Baldwin, his lord, at Constantinople, and the emperor took the act in very good part. Shortly after the marquis sent the Emperor Alexius and the empress his wife, to Montferrat, there to be imprisoned.

CAPTURE OF ABYDOS, OF PHILIPPOPOLIS, AND OF NICOMIA—THEODORE LASCARIS PRETENDS TO THE EMPIRE

At the feast of St. Martin after this (11th November 1204), Henry, the brother of the Emperor Baldwin, went forth from Constantinople, and marched down by the straits to the mouth of Abydos; and he took with him some hundred and twenty good knights. He crossed the straits near a city which is called Abydos, and found it well furnished with good things, with corn and meats, and with all things of which man has need. So he seized the city, and lodged therein, and then began to war with the Greeks who were before him. And the Armenians of the land, of whom there were many, began to turn towards him, for they greatly hated the Greeks.

At that time Renier of Trit left Constantinople, and went towards Philippopolis, which the emperor had given him; and he took with him some hundred and twenty very good knights, and rode day by day till he passed beyond Adrianople, and came to Philippopolis. And the people of the land received him, and obeyed him as their lord, for they beheld his coming very willingly. And they stood in great

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need of succour, for Johannizza, the King of Wallachia, had mightily oppressed them with war. So Renier helped them right well, and held a great part of the land, and most of those who had sided with Johannizza, now turned to him. In those parts the war with Johannizza raged fiercely.

The emperor had sent some hundred knights over the straits of Saint George opposite Constantinople. Macaire of Sainte-Marehould was in command, and with him went Matthew of Wallincourt, and Robert of the Ronsoi. They rode to a city called Nicomedia, which lies on a gulf of the sea, and is well two days' journey from Constantinople. When the Greeks saw them coming, they avoided the city, and went away; so the pilgrims lodged therein, and garrisoned it, and enclosed it with walls, and began to wage war before them, on that side also.

The land on the other side of the straits had for lord a Greek named Theodore Lascaris. He had for wife the daughter of the Emperor Alexis, through whom he laid claim to the land—this was the Alexius whom the Franks had driven from Constantinople, and who had put out his brother's eyes. The same Lascaris maintained the war against the Franks on the other side of the straits, in whatsoever part they might be.

In Constantinople remained the Emperor Baldwin and Count Lewis, with but few people, and the Count of St. Paul, who was grievously sick with gout, that held him by the knees and feet; and the Doge of Venice, who saw naught.

REINFORCEMENTS FROM SYRIA—DEATH OF MARY, THE WIFE OF BALDWIN

After this time came from the land of Syria a great company of those who had abandoned the host, and gone thither from other ports than Venice. With this company came Stephen of the Perche, and Reginald of Montmirail, who was cousin to Count Lewis, and they were by him much honoured, for he was very glad of their coming. And the Emperor Baldwin, and the rest of the people also received them very gladly, for they were of high rank, and very rich, and brought very many good people with them.

From the land of Syria came Hugh of Tabarie, and Raoul his brother, and Thierri of Tenremonde, and very many people of the land, knights and light horsemen, and sergeants.

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And the Emperor Baldwin gave to Stephen of the Perche the duchy of Philadelphia.

Among other tidings came news at this time to the Emperor Baldwin whereby he was made very sorrowful; for the Countess Mary[1] his wife, whom he had left in Flanders, seeing she could not go with him because she was with child—he was then but count—had brought forth a daughter—and afterwards, on her recovery, she started to go to her lord oversea, and passed to the port of Marseilles, and coming to Acre, she had but just landed, when the tidings came to her from Constantinople—told by the messengers whom her lord had sent—that Constantinople was taken, and her lord made emperor, to the great joy of all Christendom. On hearing this the lady was minded to come to him forthwith. Then a sickness took her, and she made an end and died, whereof there was great dole throughout all Christendom, for she was a gracious and virtuous lady and greatly honoured. And those who came in this company brought the tidings of her death, whereof the Emperor Baldwin had sore affliction, as also the barons of the land, for much did they desire to have her for their lady.

DEFEAT OF THEODORE AND CONSTANTINE LASCARIS

At that time those who had gone to the city of Piga—Peter of Bracieux and Payen of Orleans being the chiefs—fortified a castle called Palormo; and they left therein a garrison of their people, and rode forward to conquer the land. Theodore Lascaris had collected all the people he could, and on the day of the feast of our Lord St. Nicholas (6th December 1204), which is before the Nativity, he joined battle in the plain before a castle called Poemaninon. The battle was engaged with great disadvantage to our people, for those of the other part were in such numbers as was marvellous; and on our side there were but one hundred and forty knights, without counting the mounted sergeants.

But our Lord orders battles as it pleases Him. By His grace and by His will, the Franks vanquished the Greeks and discomfited them, so that they suffered very great loss. And within the week, they surrendered a very large part of the land. They surrendered Poemaninon, which was a very

[1] She was the daughter of Henry Count of Champagne and of Mary, daughter of Philip Augustus, King of France.

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strong castle, and Lopadion, which was one of the best cities of the land, and Polychna, which is seated on a lake of fresh water, and is one of the strongest and best castles that can be found. And you must know that our people fared very excellently, and by God's help had their will of that land.

Shortly after, by the advice of the Armenians, Henry, the brother of the Emperor Baldwin of Constantinople, started from the city of Abydos, leaving therein a garrison of his people, and rode to a city called Atramittium, which lies on the sea, a two days' journey from Abydos. This city yielded to him, and he lodged therein, and a great part of the land surrendered; for the city was well supplied with corn and meats, and other goods. Then he maintained the war in those parts against the Greeks.

Theodore Lascaris, who had been discomfited at Poemaninon, collected as many people as he could, and assembled a very great army, and gave the command thereof to Constantine, his brother, who was one of the best Greeks in Roumania, and then rode straight towards Atramittium. And Henry, the brother of the Emperor Baldwin, had knowledge, through the Armenians, that a great host was marching against him, so he made ready to meet them, and set his battalions in order; and he had with him some very good men, as Baldwin of Belvoir, and Nicholas of Mailly, and Anseau of Cayeux, and Thierri of Loos, and Thierri of Tenremonde.

So it happened that on the Saturday which is before mid-Lent (19th March 1205), came Constantine Lascaris with his great host, before Atramittium. And Henry, when he knew of his coming, took counsel, and said he would not suffer himself to be shut up in the city, but would issue forth. And those of the other part came on with all their host, in great companies of horse and foot, and those on our part went out to meet them, and began the onslaught. Then was there a dour battle and fighting hand to hand; but by God's help the Franks prevailed, and discomfited their foes, so that many were killed and taken captive, and there was much booty. Then were the Franks at ease, and very rich, so that the people of the land turned to them, and began to bring in their rents.

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BONIFACE ATTACKS LEON SGURE; HE IS JOINED BY GEOFFRY OF VILLEHARDOUIN, THE NEPHEW

Now let us leave speaking further (for the nonce), of those at Constantinople, and return to the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat. The marquis had gone, as you have heard, towards Salonika, and then ridden forth against Leon Sgure, who held Napoli and Corinth, two of the strongest cities in the world. Boniface besieged both cities at once. James of Avesnes, with many other good men, remained before Corinth, and the rest encamped before Napoli, and laid siege to it.

Then befell a certain adventure in the land. For Geoffry of Villehardouin, who was nephew to Geoffry of Villehardouin, Marshal of Roumania and Champagne, being his brother's son, was moved to leave Syria with the company that came to Constantinople. But wind and chance carried him to the port of Modon, and there his ship was injured, so that, of necessity, it behoved him to winter in that country. And a Greek, who was a great lord of the land, knew of it, and came to him, and did him much honour, and said: "Fair sir, the Franks have conquered Constantinople, and elected an emperor. If thou wilt make alliance with me, I will deal with thee in all good faith, and we together will conquer much land." So they made alliance on oath, the Greek and Geoffry of Villehardouin, and conquered together a great part of the country, and Geoffry of Villehardouin found much good faith in the Greek.

But adventures happen as God wills, and sickness laid hold of the Greek, and he made an end and died. And the Greek's son rebelled against Geoffry of Villehardouin, and betrayed him, and the castles in which Geoffry had set a garrison turned against him. Now he heard tell that the marquis was besieging Napoli, so he went towards him with as many men as he could collect, and rode through the land for some six days in very great peril, and thus came to the camp, where he was received right willingly, and much honoured by the marquis and all who were there. And this was but right, seeing he was very honourable and valiant, and a good knight.

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EXPLOITS OF WILLIAM OF CHAMPLITTE AND GEOFFRY OF VILLEHARDOUIN, THE NEPHEW, IN MOREA

The marquis would have given him land and possessions so that he might remain with him, but he would not, and spoke to William of Champlitte, who was his friend, and said: "Sir, I come from a land that is very rich, and is called Morea. Take as many men as you can collect, and leave this host, and let us go and conquer that land by the help of God. And that which you will give me out of our conquests, I will hold from you, and I will be your liegeman." And William of Champlitte, who greatly trusted and loved him, went to the marquis, and told him of the matter, and the marquis allowed of their going.

So William of Champlitte and Geoffry of Villehardouin (the nephew) departed from the host, and took with them about a hundred knights, and a great number of mounted sergeants, and entered into the land of Morea, and rode onwards till they came to the city of Modon. Michael heard that they were in the land with so few people, and he collected together a great number of people, a number that was marvellous, and he rode after them as one thinking they were all no better than prisoners, and in his hand.

And when they heard tell that he was coming, they refortified Modon, where the defences had long since been pulled down, and there left their baggage, and the lesser folk. Then they rode out a day's march, and ordered their array with as many people as they had. But the odds seemed too great, for they had no more than five hundred men mounted, whereas on the other part there were well over five thousand. But events happen as God pleases; for our people fought with the Greeks, and discomfited and conquered them. And the Greeks lost very heavily, while those on our side gained horses and arms enough, and other goods in very great plenty, and so returned very happy, and very joyously, to the city of Modon.

Afterwards they rode to a city called Coron, on the sea, and besieged it. And they had not besieged it long before it surrendered, and William gave it to Geoffry of Villehardouin (the nephew) and he became his liegeman, and set therein a garrison of his men. Next they went to a castle called Chale-

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mate, which was very strong and fair, and besieged it. This castle troubled them for a very long space, but they remained before it till it was taken. Then did more of the Greeks of that land surrender than had done aforetime.

SIEGE OF NAPOLI AND CORINTH; ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE GREEKS AND JOHANNIZZA

The Marquis of Montferrat besieged Napoli, but he could there do nothing, for the place was too strong, and his men suffered greatly. James of Avesnes, meanwhile, continued to besiege Corinth, where he had been left by the marquis. Leon Sgure, who was in Corinth, and very wise and wily, saw that James had not many people with him, and did not keep good watch. So one morning, at the break of day, he issued from the city in force, and got as far as the tents, and killed many before they could get to their armour.

There was killed Dreux of Estruen, who was very honourable and valiant, and greatly was he lamented. And James of Avesnes, who was in command, waxed very wroth at the death of his knight, and did not leave the fray till he was wounded in the leg right grievously. And well did those who were present bear witness that it was to his doughtiness that they owed their safety; for you must know that they came very near to being all lost. But by God's help they drove the Greeks back into the castle by force.

Now the Greeks, who were very disloyal, still nourished treachery in their hearts. They perceived at that time that the Franks were so scattered over the land that each had his own matters to attend to. So they thought they could the more easily betray them. They took envoys therefore privily, from all the cities in the land, and sent them to Johannizza, the King of Wallachia and Bulgaria, who was still at war with them as he had been aforetime. And they told Johannizza they would make him emperor, and give themselves wholly to him, and slay all the Franks. So they swore that they would obey him as their lord, and he swore that he would defend them as though they were his own people. Such was the oath sworn.

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UPRISING OF THE GREEKS AT DEMOTICA AND ADRIANOPLE; THEIR DEFEAT AT ARCADIOPLIS

At that time there happened a great misfortune at Constantinople, for Count Hugh of St. Paul, who had long been in bed, sick of the gout, made an end and died; and this caused great sorrow, and was a great mishap, and much was he bewept by his men and by his friends. He was buried with great honour in the church of our Lord St. George of Mangana.

Now Count Hugh in his lifetime had held a castle called Demotica, which was very strong and rich, and he had therein some of his knights and sergeants. The Greeks, who had made oath to the King of Wallachia that they would kill and betray the Franks, betrayed them in that castle, and slaughtered many and took many captive. Few escaped, and those who escaped went flying to a city called Adrianople, which the Venetians held at that time.

Not long after the Greeks in Adrianople rose in arms; and such of our men as were therein, and had been set to guard it, came out in great peril, and left the city. Tidings thereof came to the Emperor Baldwin of Constantinople, who had but few men with him, he and Count Lewis of Blois. Much were they then troubled and dismayed. And thenceforth, from day to day, did evil tidings begin to come to them, that everywhere the Greeks were rising, and that wherever the Greeks found Franks occupying the land, they killed them.

And those who had left Adrianople, the Venetians and the others who were there, came to a city called Tzurulum, that belonged to the Emperor Baldwin. There they found William of Blanvel, who kept the place for the emperor. By the help and comfort that he gave them, and because he accompanied them with as many men as he could, they turned back to a city, some twelve leagues distant, called Arcadiopolis, which belonged to the Venetians, and they found it empty. So they entered in, and put a garrison there.

On the third day the Greeks of the land gathered together, and came at the break of dawn before Arcadiopolis; and then began, from all sides, an assault, great and marvellous. The Franks defended themselves right well, and opened their

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gates, and issued forth, attacking vigorously. As was God's will, the Greeks were discomfited, and those on our side began to cut them down and to slay them, and then chased them for a league, and killed many, and captured many horses and much other spoil.

So the Franks returned with great joy to Arcadiopolis, and sent tidings of their victory to the Emperor Baldwin, in Constantinople, who was much rejoiced thereat. Nevertheless they dared not hold the city of Arcadiopolis, but left it on the morrow, and abandoned it, and returned to the city of Tzurulum. Here they remained in very great doubt, for they misdoubted the Greeks who were in the city as much as those who were without, because the Greeks in the city had also taken part in the oath sworn to the King of Wallachia, and were bound to betray the Franks. And many there were who did not dare to abide in Tzurulum, but made their way back to Constantinople.

THE CRUSADERS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STRAITS ARE RECALLED TO MARCH ON ADRIANOPLE—EXPEDITION OF GEOFFRY OF VILLEHARDOUIN

Then the Emperor Baldwin and the Doge of Venice, and Count Lewis took counsel together, for they saw they were losing the whole land. And they settled that the emperor should tell his brother Henry, who was at Adramittium, to abandon whatsoever conquests he had made, and come to their succour.

Count Lewis, on his side, sent to Payen of Orleans, and Peter of Bracieux, who were at Lopadium, and to all the people that were with them, telling them to leave whatsoever conquests they had made, save Piga only, that lay on the sea, where they were to set a garrison—the smallest they could—and that the remainder were to come to their succour.

The emperor directed Macaire of Sainte-Menehould, and Matthew of Wallincourt, and Robert of Ronsoi, who had some hundred knights with them in Nicomedia, to leave Nicomedia and come to their succour.

By command of the Emperor Baldwin, Geoffry of Villehardouin, Marshal of Champagne and of Roumania, issued from Constantinople, with Manasses of l'Isle, and with as many men as they could collect, and these were few enough, seeing

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that all the land was being lost. And they rode to the city of Tzurulum, which is distant a three days' journey. There they found William of Blanvel, and those that were with him, in very great fear, and much were these reassured at their coming. At that place they remained four days. The Emperor Baldwin sent after Geoffry the Marshal as many as he could, of such people as were coming into Constantinople, so that on the fourth day there were at Truzulum eighty knights.

Then did Geoffry the Marshal move forward, and Manasses of l'Isle, and their people, and they rode on, and came to the city of Arcadiopolis, and quartered themselves therein. There they remained a day, and then moved to a city called Bulgaropolis. The Greeks had avoided this city and the Franks quartered themselves therein. The following day they rode to a city called Neguise, which was very fair and strong, and well furnished with all good things. And they found that the Greeks had abandoned it, and were all gone to Adrianople. Now Adrianople was distant nine French leagues, and therein were gathered all the great multitude of the Greeks. And the Franks decided that they should wait where they were till the coming of the Emperor Baldwin.

RENIER OF TRIT ABANDONED AT FINEPOPOLIS BY HIS SON AND THE GREATER PART OF HIS PEOPLE

Now does this book relate a great marvel: for Renier of Trit, who was at Finepopolis, a good nine days' journey from Constantinople, with at least one hundred and twenty knights, was deserted by Renier his son, and Giles his brother, and James of Bondies, who was his nephew, and Achard of Verdun, who had his daughter to wife. And they had taken some thirty of his knights, and thought to come to Constantinople; and they had left him, you must know, in great peril. But they found the country raised against them, and were discomfited; and the Greeks took them, and afterwards handed them over to the King of Wallachia, who had their heads cut off. And you must know that they were but little pitied by the people, because they had behaved in such evil sort to one whom they were bound to treat quite otherwise.

And when the other knights of Renier de Trit saw that he

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was thus abandoned by those who were much more bound to him than themselves, they felt the less shame, and some eighty together left him, and departed by another way. So Renier of Trit remained among the Greeks with very few men, for he had not more than fifteen knights at Philippopolis and Stanimac—which is a very strong castle which he held, and where he was for a long time besieged.

BALDWIN UNDERTAKES THE SIEGE OF ADRIANOPLE

We will speak no further now of Renier of Trit, but return to the Emperor Baldwin, who is in Constantinople, with but very few people, and greatly angered and much distracted. He was waiting for Henry his brother, and all the people on the other side of the straits, and the first who came to him from the other side of the straits came from Nicomedia, viz.: Macaire of Sainte-Menehould, and Matthew of Wallincourt, and Robert of Ronsoi, and with them full a hundred knights.

When the emperor saw them, he was right glad, and he consulted with Count Lewis, who was Count of Blois and Chartres. And they settled to go forth, with as many men as they had, to follow Geoffry the Marshal of Champagne, who had gone before. Alas! what a pity it was they did not wait till all had joined them who were on the other side of the straits, seeing how few people they had, and how perilous the adventure on which they were bound.

So they started from Constantinople, some one hundred and forty knights, and rode from day to day till they came to the castle of Neguise, where Geoffry the Marshal was quartered. That night they took counsel together, and the decision to which they came was, that on the morrow they should go before Adrianople, and lay siege to it. So they ordered their battalions, and did for the best with such people as they had.

When the morning came, and full daylight, they rode as had been arranged, and came before Adrianople. And they found it very well defended, and saw the flags of Johannizza, King of Wallachia and Bulgaria, on the walls and towers; and the city was very strong and very rich, and very full of people. Then they made an assault, with very few people, before two of the gates, and this was on the Tuesday of

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Palmtide (29th March 1205). So did they remain before the city for three days, in great discomfort, and but few in number.

THE SIEGE OF ADRIANOPLE CONTINUED WITHOUT RESULT

Then came Henry Dandolo, the Doge of Venice, who was an old man and saw naught. And he brought with him as many people as he had, and these were quite as many as the Emperor Baldwin and Count Lewis had brought, and he encamped before one of the gates. On the morrow they were joined by a troop of mounted sergeants, but these might well have been better men than they proved themselves to be. And the host[1] had small store of provisions, because the merchants could not come with them; nor could they go foraging because of the many Greeks that were spread throughout the land.

Johannizza, King of Wallachia, was coming to succour Adrianople with a very great host; for he brought with him Wallachians and Bulgarians, and full fourteen thousand Comans who had never been baptised.

Now because of the dearth of provisions, Count Lewis of Blois and Chartres went foraging on Palm Sunday. With him went Stephen of the Perche, brother of Count Geoffry of the Perche, and Renaud of Montmirail, who was brother of Count Hervée of Nevers, and Gervase of the Châtel, and more than half of the host. They went to a castle called Peutace, and found it well garrisoned with Greeks, and assailed it with great force and fury; but they were able to achieve nothing, and so retreated without taking any spoils. Thus they remained during the week of the two Easters (Palm Sunday to Easter Day), and fashioned engines of divers sorts, and set such miners as they had to work underground and so undermine the wall. And thus did they celebrate Easter (10th April) before Adrianople, being but few in number and scant of provisions.

[1] Meaning here a little obscure. I think, however, the intention of the original is to state that the host, and not only the sergeants, lacked supplies.

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JOHANNIZZA, KING OF WALLACHIA, COMES TO RELIEVE ADRIANOPLE

Then came tidings that Johannizza, King of Wallachia, was coming upon them to relieve the city. So they set their affairs in order, and it was arranged that Geoffry the Marshal, and Manasses of l'Isle should guard the camp, and that the Emperor Baldwin and all the remainder of the host should issue from the camp if so be that Johanizza came and offered battle.

Thus they remained till the Wednesday of Easter week, and Johannizza had by that time approached so near that he encamped at about five leagues from us. And he sent his Comans running before our camp, and a cry was raised throughout the camp, and our men issued therefrom helter-skelter, and pursued the Comans for a full league very foolishly; for when they wished to return, the Comans began to shoot at them in grievous wise, and wounded a good many of their horses.

So our men returned to the camp, and the barons were summoned to the quarters of the Emperor Baldwin. And they took counsel, and all said that they had dealt foolishly in thus pursuing people who were so lightly armed. And in the end they settled that if Johannizza came on again, they would issue forth, and set themselves in array of battle before the camp, and there wait for him, and not move from thence. And they had it proclaimed throughout the host that none should be so rash as to disregard this order, and move from his post for any cry or tumult that might come to his ears. And it was settled that Geoffry the Marshal should keep guard on the side of the city, with Manasses of l'Isle.

So they passed that night till the Thursday morning in Easter week, when they heard mass and ate their dinner. And the Comans ran up to their tents, and a cry arose, and they ran to arms, and issued from the camp with all their battalions in array, as had afore been devised.

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DEFEAT OF THE CRUSADERS—BALDWIN TAKEN PRISONER

Count Lewis went out first with his battalion, and began to follow after the Comans, and sent to urge the emperor to come after him. Alas! how ill did they keep to what had been settled the night before! For they ran in pursuit of the Comans for at least two leagues, and joined issue with them, and chased them a long space. And then the Comans turned back upon them, and began to cry out and to shoot.

On our side there were battalions made up of other people than knights, people having too little knowledge of arms, and they began to wax afraid and be discomfited. And Count Lewis, who had been the first to attack, was wounded in two places full sorely; and the Comans and Wallachians began to invade our ranks; and the count had fallen, and one of his knights, whose name was John of Friaise, dismounted, and set him on his horse. Many were Count Lewis' people who said: "Sir, get you hence, for you are too sorely wounded, and in two places." And he said: "The Lord God forbid that ever I should be reproached with flying from the field, and abandoning the emperor."

The emperor, who was in great straits on his side, recalled his people, and he told them that he would not fly, and that they were to remain with him: and well do those who were there present bear witness that never did knight defend himself better with his hands than did the emperor. This combat lasted a long time. Some were there who did well, and some were there who fled. In the end, for so God suffers misadventures to occur, they were discomfited. There on the field remained the Emperor Baldwin, who never would fly, and Count Lewis; the Emperor Baldwin was taken alive and Count Lewis was slain.

Alas! how woful was our loss! There was lost the Bishop Peter of Bethleem, and Stephen of the Perche, brother to Count Geoffry, and Renaud of Montmirail, brother of the Count of Nevers, and Matthew of Wallincourt, and Robert of Ronsoi, John of Friaise, Walter of Neuilli, Ferri of Yerres, John his brother, Eustace of Heumont, John his brother, Baldwin of Neuville, and many more of whom the book does

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not here make mention. Those who were able to escape, they came back flying to the camp.

THE CRUSADERS RAISE THE SIEGE OF ADRIANOPLE

When Geoffry the Marshal of Champagne, who was keeping guard at one of the gates of the city, saw this he issued from the camp as soon as he could, with all the men that were with him, and gave command to Manasses of l'Isle, who was on guard at another gate, that he should follow after him. And he rode forth with all his force at full speed, and in full array, to meet the fugitives, and the fugitives all rallied round him. And Manasses of l'Isle followed as soon as he was able, with his men, and joined himself to him, so that together they formed a very strong body; and all those who came out of the rout, and whom they could stop, were taken into their ranks.

The rout was thus stayed between Nones and Vespers. But the most part of the fugitives were so afeared that they fled right before them till they came to the tents and quarters. Thus was the rout stayed, as you have heard; and the Comans, with the Wallachians and Greeks, who were in full chace, ceased their pursuit. But these still galled our force with their bows and arrows, and the men of our force kept still with their faces turned towards them. Thus did both sides remain till nightfall, when the Comans and Wallachians began to retire.

Then did Geoffry of Villehardouin, the Marshal of Champagne and Roumania, summon to the camp the Doge of Venice, who was an old man and saw naught, but very wise and brave and vigorous; and he asked the Doge to come to him there where he stood with his men, holding the field; and the Doge did so. And when the Marshal saw him, he called him into council, aside, all alone, and said to him: "Lord, you see the misadventure that has befallen us. We have lost the Emperor Baldwin and Count Lewis, and the larger part of our people, and of the best. Now let us bethink ourselves how to save what is left. For if God does not take pity of them, we are but lost."

And in the end they settled it thus: that the Doge would return to the camp, and put heart into the people, and order that every one should arm and remain quiet in his tent or

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pavilion; and that Geoffry the Marshal would remain in full order of battle before the camp till it was night, so that their enemies might not see the host move; and that when it was night all would move from before the city; the Doge of Venice would go before, and Geoffry the Marshal would form the rear-guard, with those who were with him.

RETREAT OF THE CRUSADERS

Thus they waited till it was night; and when it was night the Doge of Venice left the camp, as had been arranged, and Geoffry the Marshal formed the rear-guard. And they departed at foot pace, and took with them all their people mounted and dismounted, the wounded as well those who were whole—they left not one behind. And they journeyed towards a city that lies upon the sea, called Rodosto, and that was full three days' journey distant. So they departed from Adrianople, as you have heard; and this adventure befell in the year of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ twelve hundred and five.

And in the night that the host left Adrianople, it happened that a company started to get to Constantinople earlier, and by a more direct way; and they were greatly blamed therefor. In this company was a certain count from Lombardy named Gerard, who came from the land of the marquis, and Odo of Ham, who was lord of a castle called Ham in Vermandois, and John of Maseroles, and many others to the number of twenty-five knights, whom the book does not name. And they went away so fast after the discomfiture, which had taken place on the Thursday evening, that they came to Constantinople on the Saturday night, though it was ordinarily a good five days' journey. And they told the news to the Cardinal Peter of Capua, who was there by the authority of Innocent Pope of Rome, and to Conon of Bethune, who guarded the city, and to Miles the Brabant, and to the other good men in the city. And you must know that these were greatly affeared, and thought of a certainty that all the rest, who had been left before Adrianople, were lost, for they had no news of them.

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